The Relief Society Magazine

L. 43 NO. 7

JULY 1956

sons for October

Navajo Flute

Hazel Loomis

Play, flute, play!

Are you a willow in my hand—
Or instrument . . . I fashioned at the spring?
My slender fingers, satin brown,
Are here to tremble at your will;
My lips to hold you as my own;
My throat to trill at every call;
My flesh to cry at what I feel!

Play, flute, play wild a song!

Play, flute, play!
Play low, the cooing song of doves—
The owlet's mournful call.
Staccato sound of falling rain
And hoof beats down the far ravine.
Play shrill, the coyote's hungry cry—
Echo young ones in their lair.
Play sweet, oh, flute, the song of home
Beside the hogan fire.

Play, flute, play soft a song!

Play, flute, play!
Play wild, the song of burning thirst;
The triumph of the rain;
The eagle's screaming in the sky,
Her carrion to gain.
Play swift, the song of ponies wild—
Of hunters at the kill!
Master of this flute am I—
Rest now, oh, flute,
Be still.

The Cover: View of Ribe, Denmark, From the Domkirke
Courtesy Lind Studio
Photograph submitted by Mary G. Sorensen
Ribe is one of the oldest towns in Denmark. Note the narrow, winding streets and the stork's nest on the house at the right.
Frontispiece: "Navajo Country — Monument Valley, Utah"
Photograph by Victor J. Nelson
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Thank you for your splendid editorial in the May *Magazine* ("The Gift for Mother's Day" by Marianne C. Sharp). When I read to my husband: "The most precious gift which children can give to their mother is the knowledge that they are walking the straight and narrow path to immortality and eternal life," he said, "Our children have given you that precious gift." So I copied that paragraph, added a few lines expressing our love and appreciation, and mailed a copy to each of our five children. Humbly and gratefully I can say that they are all busily engaged in Church activities . . . . I greatly love Relief Society and appreciate being a member and worker in that great organization. The *Magazine* has been in our home since the first volume, and it is also in the homes of our children.

—Adena W. Swenson
Pleasant Grove, Utah

May I express my appreciation of the *Magazine*. In May 1955, the special feature written by Elna P. Haymond — "Mother" — presented a soul-stirring story about Sister Haymond's Grandmother Doney who came in the Ellsworth Handcart Company in 1856. I was thrilled to read the article, and should like to say that the little daughter born on that arduous trip is my mother, Mary Jane Doney Lowe. She is the mother of ten children, nine of whom are living. She, too, fought the battles of life with the weapons of love, faith, and determination. I hope to live that I may be worthy of the heritage she has left us.

—Bertha Lowe Johnson
Logan, Utah

In the May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, I especially liked the frontispiece poem "The Things in You I See" by Dorothy J. Roberts, and the article "Poetry Is for People" by Eva Willes Wangsgaard. I have never read anything on the subject which expressed so aptly the way I feel. Such contributions are a joy.

—Agnes Just Reid
Firth, Idaho

I like Mrs. Wangsgaard's article on poetry ("Poetry Is for People," May 1956). It is comprehensive and scholarly. She is a very talented, capable woman—one of Utah's best.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

When my *Magazine* comes, I lay everything else aside until I read it. More than once I have let my dinner stand on the table and get cold while I read the *Magazine*. Imagine my surprise, when reading the reports from the different wards, seeing the pictures of Laura Brown, Hetty Anderson, and Mable Guymon, all distant relatives of mine. Thomas Guymon "who went to Utah from Tennesee" was my great-grandfather. I have many relatives in Utah, California, and Idaho. Oh, how I wish it could be possible to meet and get acquainted with all of them. The pictures are in the May 1956 issue of the *Magazine* — Emery Stake (Utah), Huntington Second Ward, page 336. I enjoy the *Magazine* very much and hope I will never be without it. I was eighty-three years old the 28th of last February.

—Laura Guymon Hawbaker
Sherman, Texas

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* because I learn what other branches are doing. I enjoy the poetry, recipes, pictures, and the hobby features — and I enjoy the lessons. I have made some very fine friendship pals through the Near and Far department. I also write to over two hundred shut-ins. I don't remember seeing any letters from this part of Ohio. Georgetown Branch started about seven years ago with about six members. We now have about 163. Hope we continue to grow. Our members are scattered and some travel fifty miles to attend Church. We have to go about seventeen miles.

—Mrs. William Ruggles
Bethel, Ohio

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Outings and Family Solidarity

LaVern W. Parmley

President, The Primary Association

RECENTLY at a stake conference, one of the leaders said to Brother Oscar A. Kirkham, "After the morning meeting I wish you would take the opportunity to walk home with my son. He is not going to his Sabbath School, and I wish you would have a chat with him."

Brother Kirkham, after the meeting, took the chap by the arm, and they started down the street towards home. He thought a very good approach would be to say: "You know, you have a great father. He is a fine man." The boy immediately turned and said, "Brother Kirkham, I wish you would talk to my father for me. In all my life he has never been with me to a movie. He has never taken me with him anywhere. I haven't even had a game of checkers with him. I would appreciate it."

There are many adults who seem to have attained the dignified state of parenthood without having first passed through the undignified state of childhood. Childhood memories dim with the passing of years, until, finally, all that are left are those of the somewhat idealistic side.

Through doing things together, parents learn to understand their child's point of view, and to deal more sympathetically with his natural urges and desires. What all parents really need is a bridge between themselves and their children to shorten the gap and bring about family solidarity.

Business men, educators, and religious leaders agree that the early home experiences of a child are important factors in his life. The question has been asked — "Can a child fail in his life's work because parents have provided him with poor home training and environment?" Executives and personnel experts of leading American corporations declare a unanimous "yes." United States industry says this to parents: "We wouldn't want your son or daughter, if you have failed to train him for successful adulthood."

Most industrial leaders believe members of a family should pull together to develop their standards of living.

According to Lawrence A. Appley, President of the American Management Association, Inc., "There seems to be a direct significant relationship between early home environment and on-the-job success."

PARENTS ought to build into the minds of their children confidence in their own ability. One business manager, when asked how this could be done, said, "Encourage your child to try a variety of skills, take him hunting and fishing; teach him the use of power tools; teach him civic mindedness,

THE FAMILY HOUR FEATURES A PICNIC AT HOME

Members of the Francis A. Madsen family: Seated at the table, left to right: Mary Louise Rawlings (daughter); David Rawlings (grandson); Ben E. Rawlings (son-in-law); Francis A. Madsen (father); Francis A. Madsen, Jr. (son); Susan Madsen (granddaughter); Connie Madsen (daughter-in-law).

Standing in the background, left to right: Louise W. Madsen (mother, member of the general board of Relief Society); Richard Madsen (son).

Children, seated at the table, in front, left: Scott Rawlings (grandson); Peter William Madsen (son); Michelle Madsen (granddaughter).

community loyalty, church loyalty and build his moral fiber."

In an article "Your Children Need Family Recreation," written by Dr. Rex A. Skidmore of the University of Utah, and published in the November 1955 issue of the *Children's Friend*, we read:

It has been said that "the family that prays together stays together." Some experts have added to this that the family that "plays together grows together." Case studies show that both of these activities have great possibilities in developing sound family relationships.

Some values of the family playing together are particularly important. First, the family usually gets better acquainted with each other. Too many families live at home in name only and are away from each other most of the time.

Family recreation can be "loads of fun." Playing with those who are near and dear to one is enjoyable in many respects.

Participating in recreational activities establishes a deeper bond, and opens the doors of communication among family members.

A picnic seems to be one type of outing suitable for families. Young and old enjoy taking a lunch to a park, canyon, seaside, or other appropriate place where there is an abundance of fresh air and things to do, where the children can romp and expend some of the energies which build up within them. Parents who nag their children at home usually find it easy to let them run, yell, and sing to their "heart's content" in a picnic area. Parents who do not take their whole family on a picnic at least several times during a year are missing a golden opportunity for having fun and strengthening family bonds.

Elder Ezra Taft Benson, at a general conference, said:

Our homes need the stabilizing influence of a closer relationship between parents and children. Every boy and girl needs the safeguard which an intimate association with mother or father will provide. This relationship must be built upon love and mutual confidence.

Such an atmosphere can be created as parents plan for recreation and diversion together with their children. An evening spent in wholesome activity; a picnic in the mountains or nearby park; or a project for fathers and sons and mothers and daughters — these will all tend to increase filial affection and love in the home, and strengthen parent-children relations. Time thus spent yields big dividends. Parents in this close association have no difficulty teaching virtue, honesty and industry, the basic principles of our American way of life.

There can be no genuine happiness separate and apart from the home. More recreation and more devotion in the home will result in greater family solidarity.

Solidarity, as defined in the dictionary, means: "An entire union of interests and responsibilities in a group; community of interests, standards, etc."

Children, themselves, feel the necessity of family solidarity, of sharing, working, and playing together in a family group.

The question, "What do you think makes a happy family?" was asked of more than 1500 school children. Every grade from the second grade to the last year in high school was represented in this study conducted by the New Rochelle Guidance Center.

The following are some of the answers given:

A thirteen year old boy summed up his answer in these words, "A happy family reminds me of a baseball team, with Mom pitching, Dad catching and the kids fielding with everyone taking a turn at bat."

The seven and eight-year-olds focused their answers on the concrete satisfactions of family life: a picnic in the park, the "surprise" daddy brings home, holiday celebrations, the family pet. One said, "Our family is happy because we help each other a lot."

The nine-year-olds put their emphasis on relationships in family life: They frequently mentioned family parties and outings, playing games with the family, talking about pleasant things at meals. To them happiness meant togetherness.

The ten - year - olds generally reached this conclusion: Do your chores, have fun, and go places together.

The eleven and twelve-year-olds continued to underline the ideas of the younger children but did so more maturely. The happy family is the united family. The most important thing in a happy family is being together a lot.

Family solidarity was what each group wanted. These young people, so varied in age and background, agreed with startling unanimity that being together in the family and doing things with all of its members is the very essence of happiness.

ESTABLISHING play habits of the right sort is perhaps one of the most important things in character development. The president of a stake once said, "Oh, if my father had only let me play when I was a boy. If I wanted to play ball or go on a hike, he would say, 'If you've got more energy than you need, there's the hoe and there's the cornfield.' His attitude towards play activities was that they were a waste of time. Now I feel myself all cramped and bound into a limited space of action. I can't reach out easily for social contacts."

There is a great vacancy in that man's life.

In the book *Recreation in the Home*, we read:

> It is generally recognized as true that right living is not transmitted by merely telling children to be honest and brave and true. Rather it is developed in the individual as a phase of other activities and through the example of parents and children working, playing, and carrying on social life together.
>
> Perhaps there is not the same degree of pleasure to the boy who blisters his hands on a hoe handle or exhausts himself in running a mile to chase the cows out of the lucerne patch, that there is when he blisters his hands on a baseball bat and exhausts himself in making a home run. But there can be pleasure in both if the proper attitude is fixed for both.

In any program of family activity there must be socialized co-operation. The tasks allotted should take into consideration the age and abilities of the children. They should give opportunity for individual success and excellence of performance. Individual initiative should not be crushed and the child should be given due credit and praise when the task is completed. Boy Scouts in the family may be given the joy of building the fire, and even cooking the meal for a family outing. The girls may plan and prepare a picnic supper for the back yard. They can set the table and arrange flowers for the centerpiece. If the outing is held in the canyon or park, the younger set can be given the "clean-up" assignment. Scouts, again, can use their "know-how" in seeing that the fire is completely out. Fortunate is the family that works and plays together.

A family will be surprised at the enjoyable time that is to be had by spending a vacation at home. Many families fail to explore their own communities and the facilities available for recreation. They never visit places of interest that tourists travel miles to see. They do not realize that parks and museums are established for their interest and pleasure. There is a world of enjoyment and education to be had in such places.

Backyard camping and cooking can be most exciting. A trip to the zoo affords a lot of fun. A bicycle or hiking trip can be exhilarating. Family picnics in the park, or nearby canyons can be real family outings. Tours of dairies, printing presses, and other industries can be revealing and educational in value.

THE great cry of parents is, "We don't have time."

There is just so much time in the world. No one has more time than someone else. The difference is, some use it wisely, others waste it. Parents should take time to lay up a store of good family relationships. Such accomplishments will last for a lifetime. Time cannot take them away.

In a recent issue of a weekly periodical a mother summarized her thoughts about time:

> My biggest mistake as a mother was a mistaken perspective of time. While our children were growing up, I was under the impression that the major part of my life was being lived while I had them with me.
>
> Looking back, I well understand what my beloved grandfather meant when he used to speak of "those few weeks we had the children with us." It is such a short, short time. I don't mean it seems brief; it *is* brief!

For a birthday present a father once gave his son a piece of paper with the following written on it:

"To my dear Son:

I give you one hour of my time each day, to be yours, and to be used as you want to, without interference of any kind whatsoever.

Your Father."

Realizing that this father could make a very costly gift to his son, a friend asked, "How did you happen to hit upon the idea of giving such an extraordinary present?"

The man answered, "The other day a young fellow, whom I had not seen since he was a lad about my boy's age, came to my office to 'make a touch.' His face and bearing carried the tell-tale marks of idleness and dissipation. 'Robert!' I exclaimed in amazement, 'to see you like this — and you with such a fine father!'

"The boy answered, 'Well, I've often heard Dad was a fine man. All his friends have told me so. I never knew him. He was so much occupied with his business, that I only saw him occasionally at mealtimes. I never really knew him.'

"That made me think, and think furiously, and believe me, from now on I am going to see to it that my son has a chance to know me. This is the greatest gift a man can give, yet a gift every father owes to his son."

Parents must realize how much of the mature years of their children will be spent in seeing the things memory preserves for them. They must guard the space in a child's memory storehouse, so they will have stored up a mighty collection of mental movies which will depict happy family associations.

In Elder Mark E. Petersen's book, *For Time or Eternity*, he says, "It is our faith that the family is a basic unit in heaven. We should be saved as families."

Family outings are some of the best tools to use in building family solidarity. Family solidarity built upon this earth will continue throughout eternity.

Don Knight

SWIFTCURRENT LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
MONTANA

Mountain Vigil

Ethel Jacobson

The last light pales on the loftiest rim
Long after the valleys are veiled and dim,
Then heaven bends in a starry arc
Spreading a mantle of tranquil dark.
The wind lies hushed in the silvery firs.
On soundless wings the great owl stirs
As, in infinity's embrace,
Poised constellations wheel in space.

The spheres tread out their measured dance . . . .
The stars give way. The sun's swift lance
Touches the topmost peak anew
At a moment preordained, on cue,
Set long before the tremulous light
Of dawn first quickened primordial night.
Faith needs no sign for all reborning
Beyond this miracle of morning.

The Danish Mission

Preston R. Nibley

AT the October Conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City in 1849, Erastus Snow, thirty-one years of age, a member of the Council of the Twelve, was selected to open a mission for the Church "in the Scandinavian Countries." Elders Peter O. Hansen and John E. Forsgren were called to accompany him. Elder Hansen was a native of Denmark and had begun to translate The Book of Mormon into the Danish language before leaving America.

When these brethren reached England, in April 1850, Elder Snow requested George P. Dykes, an elder laboring in that country, to join them, as he had some knowledge of the Norwegian language; the missionaries then continued their journey and arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark, on June 14, 1850.

In delivering their message to the Danish people, they met with almost immediate success and, on August 12, 1850, less than two months after their arrival, Erastus Snow baptized fifteen converts "in the clear salt water of the Sound." A branch of the Church was organized in Copen-

By Ewing Galloway, New York

NEW KING'S MARKET, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Lind Studios
Submitted by Mary G. Sorensen

GEELS FOREST IN HOLTE, NEAR COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

hagen on September 15, following. Other elders arrived in the mission and the work of proselyting was gradually extended to all parts of Denmark. Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian and a native of Denmark, computed in 1930 that 26,656 of his countrymen had joined the Church since the introduction of the gospel in 1850, eighty years previously. During that time, also, he stated, 13,984 of these baptized had "emigrated to Zion."

Denmark remained a part of the Scandinavian Mission until 1920, when a separate mission was formed with Elder Carl E. Petersen as the first president. In March 1956, there were 1,875 members in the Danish Mission, located in sixteen branches. Holger P. Peterson is the present president of the Danish Mission. Seventeen Relief Society organizations were reported in December 1955, with 359 members. Ora Irene H. Peterson presides over the Danish Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a View of Ribe, Denmark, From the Domkirke. See also "Recipes From the Danish Mission," page 446.

Pretty As a Pansy

Frances C. Yost

WANDA looked nervously at the clock ticking away the minutes. "Here it is after one. If Vince doesn't come right away to eat, I'll miss Relief Society today." She gently moved the lace curtain at the window and peered down the street, hoping to see the familiar green pickup truck turn the corner. Since Vince had started in his own lumber business, it was hard for him to keep regular hours.

Wanda didn't want to miss the meeting. She received so much joy and satisfaction and down-to-earth education from Relief Society. She enjoyed working in the other organizations, too; but Relief Society was different. It was *her* meeting. A meeting where she could develop in a well-rounded way, as well as serving others.

As Wanda watched at the window, the truck slowed up to the curb and Vince, almost running, came to the house. She hurried to the door to greet him. You couldn't be cross with someone who was late when he was working his heart out for you. She swung the door wide for him, and gave him her prettiest smile. "Welcome home, stranger."

"Sorry I'm late, honey. Had a customer. Couldn't make it a minute sooner. But I'll eat and run so you can make it to your meeting." Vincent brushed her cheek with a swift kiss as he hurried to wash up.

"That's okeh," Wanda replied.

She had sort of given up the idea of getting to Relief Society, but in no time at all Vince was grabbing his hat, brushing her cheek with a quick goodbye kiss, and gone. Wanda glanced at the clock, a quarter to two. She almost never left the dishes in the sink, but if she did today she could still make it to Relief Society.

Untying her apron, and powdering her nose, Wanda whisked on her tweed sports coat and shut the door gently, leaving it unlatched for her girls when they would come from school.

As she left her home, she glanced at the home of Granny Crockett who lived next door. Usually they walked to Relief Society meeting together, but Granny Crockett had probably seen Vince's truck, and gone ahead. But we can walk home together, Wanda thought.

It was the literature lesson today, given well by Sister Bates. Imagine writing nine hundred poems and fourteen novels as Thomas Hardy did, the ladies sighed! Only too soon, the meeting was over, and the sisters exchanged greetings and well wishes. Wanda Mason and Granny Crockett slowly walked the short distance to their homes together.

"You can tell from his poems Thomas Hardy was a man of the soil," Granny remarked.

"Such a well-rounded person, Thomas Hardy was. Imagine, even as a boy, he went around to parties and weddings playing his violin," Wanda reminisced.

Then she fell to thinking how Relief Society tipped the scales of

values in her life, helping her to shape her outlook and define her goals. She was so engrossed in thoughts of the lesson that she did not remember the dishes in the sink, until she stepped on the porch. Marie and Connie would probably be doing up the dishes right this minute to surprise her. Wanda prepared herself to act really surprised, and lavish them with her praise. But, as she opened the door, the odor of burning meat surrounded her. The girls must be cooking hamburgers.

No, it was the expensive ground round steak with which she had planned to make a special new dish. Anger made Wanda rigid at the sight of the very small amount of ground round steak which was left.

HER lovely kitchen was a chaos of confusion! A greasy griddle, burned almost black, was on the cupboard, and the lovely copper-bottom skillet was filled with hamburgers and onions. Wanda glanced through the rooms to see the girls' school clothes draped on the beds, the living room strewn with crumbs, while the television blasted away at high volume. The house Wanda had spent all morning cleaning was in utter disorder.

Suddenly Wanda was scolding as rain pours down in cascades. Connie and Marie stood by with startled consternation on their faces. Wanda, realizing she had been too hasty, went to her room and shut the door quickly behind her. Shame at her outburst and discouragement seemed to engulf her. She was disappointed, too. Would the girls never learn? Would they never start to take hold, to keep the house in shape, to think before using up household stores? Wanda said nothing when the children took choice things like nuts, cherries, and olives, but now when they were using the dinner meat for after-school snacks, that was the last straw.

"All morning I've worked in the house and for what?" she asked herself aloud. "I would have been ahead if I had forgotten the house entirely and planted the pansies that are waiting." Wanda put on her gardening things, tied a scarf on her hair, and walked through the house, looking neither to the right nor to the left. On the porch she picked up the pansy plants she had purchased yesterday at the greenhouse and, with the planter fork, left the house, slamming the door almost childishly behind her.

As Wanda's hands worked in the rich black soil, she thought again of the poet Thomas Hardy, and the common rural people of whom he wrote. Gradually her mind seemed to grope its way from a soundless sort of fog.

GRANNY Crockett, next door, sat crocheting on her warm sun porch. She had sat down to rest after the walk from Relief Society. As her hands moved, her mind dwelt on the lesson at Relief Society. She recalled a line from one of Thomas Hardy's poems: "This is the weather the cuckoo likes, and so do I."

Suddenly from next door she heard Wanda's voice raised in scolding.

"Why land sakes, pretty Wanda Mason went into that house not more than five minutes ago. Won-

der what mischief she found her girls into?" Granny said softly. "Harsh words are molded on children's memories forever." Her mind went back to a day, when, as a little child, her mother in heated wrath had called her a lozy dolt. Granny's head, with its hair pinned neatly into a round flat knot at the crown of her neck, shook as if to erase the memory.

It was only when she looked up from her crocheting that she noticed Wanda Mason in her garden, setting out pansy plants. Granny laid down her crochet work and, out of the corner of her eye, saw Wanda Mason wipe her eyes with the sleeve of her shirt, as she knelt in the flower bed.

Suddenly Granny Crockett remembered the water cress a neighbor had brought her from his last fishing trip. Wrapping a generous portion of the cress in wax paper and going out the back door, she meandered over to where Wanda Mason was setting out her pansies.

It wasn't until Granny Crockett was right to Wanda that she noticed the tears falling from her eyes, moistening the soil where she was working. Words seemed inadequate. Instead, Granny Crockett placed her hand gently on Wanda's shoulder. Wanda looked up startled, but, at sight of Granny Crockett, the flood locks broke, and a new flow of tears rushed forth.

"There, there, child," Granny Crockett comforted.

"I suppose you heard me raise my voice to the children. I'm so dreadfully ashamed. But, oh, Granny, I try so hard to make a real home . . . a clean home, and I skimp and go without to plan and prepare nice meals, and the children . . . ." Wanda told Granny everything, how she had found the house, and about the dinner meat used for after-school hamburgers.

"It is discouraging," Granny Crockett admitted. "And yet I'd give a lot, if my children were close enough to raid my pantry. I've lived to see three generations, and they all do it sometime or another, and they all seem to come through that growing hungry stage like a blue-ribbon heifer. I brought you over some water cress."

"Why, how nice. You know how we love it in the spring. Thanks so much," Wanda said.

"You have chosen a nice assortment of pansy plants," Granny Crockett said, looking at the plants Wanda was planting.

WANDA was pleased. Granny Crockett had a "green thumb," and Wanda appreciated any floral compliment Granny gave her. "I do hope they grow."

"They'll grow," Granny Crockett nodded knowingly, "just like those two lovely girls of yours are growing."

Wanda, who had placed the last plant in its little moistened crevice and anchored it firmly with black rich soil, shifted herself from her knees to her feet and stood surveying the plants. "Those blooms should be picked, to strengthen the roots. I'll let the girls do that for the table decoration for our supper table." Wanda realized that in her planting, she had also planted every bit of her wrath.

"I want you to come and see my pansy bed now, Sister Wanda. Pansies are such choice little flowers.

Why, they're almost human when you look straight in their faces. Come." She took Wanda's arm firmly.

Together, they walked through the arbor that divided the Mason and the Crockett lawns, and which would be covered with climbing roses in June.

"See those tiny pansies peeping through?" Granny Crockett asked. "Once I spaded up a bed because I saw a weed or two. But in doing it, I uprooted the tiny pansies just pushing through. Life's like that. Sometimes we uproot our homes and children to get rid of a weed or two of wrong, that would wither later, on their own. What children really need more than spading, is warm, loving sunshine . . . the sunshine of a mother's loving smile. A smile that is as dependable as the sun's rays."

Wanda realized, with a pang of consternation, that her children had seen her face torn with anger. No wonder they had looked so startled. She secretly vowed to try to keep it from happening again.

Lilac dusk was creeping upon them, but Wanda's mind had already taken up its routine. She could make spaghetti and meat balls for supper. The family enjoyed the dishes they were used to more than something new and fancy, anyway. And the water cress gift from Granny Crockett would make a lovely cress and hard-boiled egg salad, which would be a treat for Vince and the girls on a spring evening. And she would pull out a cherry pie from the deep freeze, as a sort of celebration of her burying the hatchet, so to speak.

"I must hurry," Wanda said. Her face smiled like the big white pansies which Granny Crockett knew would later bloom in her garden. "And thanks . . . thanks for everything!" Wanda added.

When she walked into her home, it seemed her own little world had righted itself. The school clothes were put away, the coats hung neatly in the hall, and Marie and Connie were doing the dishes.

"We were going to surprise you," they chorused when caught in the act.

"What a happy surprise!" Wanda smiled a pretty violet-eyed pansy smile . . . .

Granny Crockett walked through the garden and over the smooth green lawn which sloped to the lily pond. A bluebird came flashing out of nowhere, and stopped short on seeing her so closely, then flitted away among the peonies beside the garden fence. Granny smiled, all was calm and smooth again. The pansy faces all were smiling faces.

Her Hands

Luella N. Adams

Not shapely white, those precious hands—
Deep lined, with labor etched,
They helped to build an empire,
Those hands that rested not.
Kind hands that eased our childish pain
We know that we will clasp again.

Old Tucson

Willard Luce

OLD Tucson isn't nearly as old as it sounds—or looks. Its crumbling adobe walls seem to have weathered centuries of desert wind and rain. Its warped lumber seems to have been burned brown by the desert sun and sucked dry of all moisture. Its hitchracks appear to have tethered a thousand horses. But all this is make-believe. Old Tucson was born in 1940, created by Hollywood for the movie "Arizona."

Built in the Tucson Mountains a few miles west of Tucson, Arizona, the set was constructed to represent the old Spanish settlement of Tucson during our Civil War days. When the film was finished, the movie company moved out and the Junior Chamber of Commerce moved in. They kept the set repaired as a show place for tourists and as a location for their annual Tucson Daze celebration held each autumn.

Since Tucson is a square dancing center with a dozen or more clubs meeting regularly, the J.C.'s inaugurated square dancing at Old Tucson. These weekly get-togethers are well attended by visitors and natives alike.

Since 1940, the movie companies have moved back to Old Tucson on several occasions. In 1954 they came back for the Cinemascope production of Greer Garson's "Strange Lady in Town." They completely remodeled Old Tucson. They covered some of the adobe walls with boards. They added second stories to some of the buildings. They built hotels, livery stables, saloons, and a dozen other establishments until you just wouldn't know the old town. And that is quite as it should be since the setting for this new, full-color film was Santa Fe, New Mexico, just before the "Gay 90's."

Most of these buildings are complete — not just walls and false fronts. They are colorful, authentic, and a tourist attracter of the first magnitude. Today, however, Wards Saloon dispenses soft drinks, postcards, and other tourist supplies. There are other business houses which open and do a land-office business during "Tucson Daze" and the height of the tourist season.

It is said that the set will soon be reconverted back to the original "Old Tucson."

Set on a valley floor in the Tucson Mountain Park, the make-believe town is surrounded by giant saguaro cactus. On the east and south the rugged mountain peaks hover over it.

There are picnicking areas in the Tucson Mountain Park, and there is the Trailside Museum. This museum features live exhibits of the fauna and flora of the Arizona-Sonora desert. The larger animals include the peccary — or wild hog — mountain lion, wildcat, ocelot, etc. The small animal room in-

Willard Luce
MOVIE SET OF "OLD TUCSON," TUCSON MOUNTAIN PARK
ARIZONA

cludes live species of centipedes, scorpions, lizards, rodents, and snakes. Trails lead through the botanical gardens where the plants are well labeled. Desert water holes have been so placed as to give the visitor an opportunity to study the desert wild life at first hand.

So, even if Old Tucson isn't as old as it sounds, it's an interesting place to visit, especially if you take in the rest of Tucson Mountain Park.

Vacation

Grace Barker Wilson

The shades are drawn, the doors are closed,
And all about an empty look
Proclaims a solitary house
That somebody forsook.

Around the yard the grass grows tall,
And weeds crowd every flower bed;
The stray dogs in the neighborhood
Hold counsel there, instead.

At night the darkened windows have
A ghastly, special glare, and some,
Both animals and flowers, wish
The owners would come home.

Cathy and the Onions

Florence Berrett Dunford

THOUGH home was just next door to their cousin Theodore's, less than a third of a country block apart, Cathy Bennett was so weary she thought she could not make it. Theodore's mother had nine boys. Naturally it was almost impossible to keep a hired girl. The morning before when Uncle Stanley had appealed to her father, Cathy had offered to help out. For eight hours on Thursday and until noon on Friday, she had stood at the ironing board and ironed nothing but shirts.

I never want to see another boy's shirt, she thought, as she opened the screen door. She stopped short. Her father and mother were in the long narrow kitchen with its blue and white linoleum and polished range, talking in low tones.

"I'm sorry," her mother said, brushing at a wing of dark hair, "I'd like to go to the party. But I just can't. I haven't a thing to wear except one of those old Mother-Hubbards. I'm tired of those."

"I know you are." Cathy's father's voice was tender. "But still you've got to go. You haven't been out since . . . since . . . ."

Since the baby died, Cathy supplied in her own mind. Her mother loved babies. She supposed there was nothing worse to her than losing a baby.

She's got to go! Cathy thought. Mother's got to go to Aunt Mae's party tomorrow night.

"It's taking a little time to get on my feet after the flood," Cathy's father said, apologetically. Until the summer before they'd lived on a ranch. But the Dry Bed had overflowed its banks. Now they were back in Menan again, but the job at the flour mill didn't pay enough for new dresses. Even Cathy could see that.

Cathy backed down the steps. There was a hopelessness in her parents' voices, that meant defeat. Only Cathy wouldn't admit failure. Her sister, Jinny, who was eight, came up at that moment.

"Mother can't go to Aunt Mae's party because she hasn't anything to wear," Cathy told Jinny there in the sun-baked dooryard.

"Tho what?" Jinny lisped.

"Tho . . . we have to do something."

"Didn't Uncle Stanley pay youoh anything for awning?" Jinny asked. It was warm, the first of June. The Idaho sun turned Jinny's hair to flame.

"Of course not," Cathy said. "That was a favor."

"Well, whyn't you ask Thindoo?" *Thindoo* was the best Jinny could do with Theodore.

"I will! I will!" Cathy cried, her eyes brightening. "Come on." She grasped Jinny's hand. Forgetting her weariness, she hurried along the path toward Theodore's again.

THEODORE and Homer were just climbing onto Theodore's pony. "We've got to hurry," Theodore said. "Father's expecting

us at the ranch to thin beets." Theodore had fair hair and blue eyes and a kind manner.

"Mothah can't go to the party tomorrow night," Jinny lisped. "We've got to duoh something to get her a new dress."

"We thought perhaps you might tell us where we could get a job," Cathy said.

"Job?" Theodore scratched his head. "Too bad thinning beets is a man's job." He took time out to think a minute.

"If we could get work that paid," Cathy said, "we could ask Miz Rawson at the store to help us select a dress for Mother and charge it."

"It's too bad Mother's hired girl just showed up. I wish I could help you," Theodore said again. "Wait a minute. This morning at the postoffice I heard Tom Smith say he wanted someone to weed his onions. He has a big patch, you know; lives about a mile west of town on the way to our ranch."

"That big thkin-flint?" Jinny asked.

Theodore grinned. "I guess he is a bit close. He's a bachelor."

"Maybe he'd think weeding onions was a boy's job, too," Cathy said.

"Maybe so," Theodore said. "But he said this morning he'd take girls. Aren't any boys who'd work for the wages he pays."

"You think Jinny and I might get jobs?" Cathy asked.

"You could certainly try. Though I have my doubts about Jinny."

* * * * *

"I'M twelve," Cathy said over the phone a few minutes later. Luckily her mother was taking her fifteen-minute rest. "Jinny's a bit younger than I," she added.

"That's all right," Mr. Smith boomed.

Leaving a note for their mother, Cathy and Jinny hurried out the white picket front gate and toward town.

Miz Rawson was very nice about the dress. "You're sure you have the job?" she asked. She was as old as Cathy's mother, but she had never found the right man. Her silvery-reddish hair was thin and frizzy. "Not that it matters," she said. "Your father's credit is always good."

"Oh, but this isn't Father," Cathy insisted. "Mr. Smith said Jinny and I were to report at eight in the morning."

They found a pretty dress. "The color of your mother's eyes," Miz Rawson said.

"Mother's eyes are gray," Jinny said.

"Blue," Cathy said.

"A gray-blue," Miz Rawson compromised. "I know she'll like this dress. And of course I know her size. Your mother and I went to school together."

"Mother says you were the gayest girl in the class," Cathy said.

"But she was the prettiest," Miz Rawson said, sighing.

It was the middle of the afternoon when Cathy and Jinny returned home, the new dress in its wrapping of paper, carried carefully under Cathy's arm. But she wanted her father there, too, when she showed it. Urging Jinny to keep their secret, she tiptoed through the dim front room to the big bedroom she shared with her sisters

and slid the package up on a closet shelf . . . .

"Mother was real touched; she had tears in her eyes," Jinny told Cathy happily the next morning as they went down the shaded sidewalk in the direction of Tom Smith's.

"She thought the dress was lovely," Cathy said. "Father didn't like it because we'd charged it . . . ."

"But he couldn't say anything with Mothah so happy," Jinny exulted.

"I don't care how hot it is, or how hard Tom Smith makes us work," Cathy said. "I'm so happy Mother has her dress."

"HOW do we weed onions?" Jinny asked, as they neared the big white frame house. "With a hoe?"

"Maybe he'll make us get down on our knees," Cathy said.

"You should have borrowed Thindoo's overalls."

"I never wear levis; you know that," Cathy said a bit sharply.

"We'll donth blame me if you get callouses on your knees," Jinny said.

Mr. Smith answered Cathy's knock at the rear. He seemed very glad to see her, though not Jinny.

"She wouldn't know a weed from an onion," he said. Mr. Smith's face was round. He was quite round all over, Cathy noticed.

"I work alth time at home," Jinny protested. "I'm eight."

"She doesn't look eight," Mr. Smith said. "I suppose you won't weed without her?"

"Oh, yes, I will!" Cathy said hurriedly. She was very disappointed. How long would it take her to earn the dress?

"Forty-seven cents a row," Mr. Smith said, squinting down one of the rows that to Cathy looked a whole block long. "And no hoes. You sure you can tell weeds from onions?"

"Cathy hath an awful nose; she can smell everything," Jinny said, snickering.

"She means I'm aller . . . sensitive to some things," Cathy said. "Sometimes I get hives."

"Huh." Mr. Smith was not interested. "I suppose you brought your lunch?" When they picked raspberries for the Wendell's, they were always given their lunch. But after Theodore's warning, Cathy had not expected it of Mr. Smith.

"We sure did," Jinny lisped. When Mr. Smith's broad back disappeared inside the cool depths of his house again, she said, "I'm just goin' to stay awhile and watch."

CATHY got down on her knees. Lucky she had worn a big straw hat. Her old cotton stockings came up well above her knees.

"These weeds are sure thick," she called out to Jinny a few moments later. There were furrows between the rows. She crawled along in one, pulled the small weeds from between the onions, dropped them in the furrow. "Water will carry them away," Mr. Smith had said.

"I wishth . . ." Jinny began, from her shady spot on the ditchbank. Cathy's sneeze cut short her remarks. "Oww," Cathy said, and rubbed the forefinger of her right hand across her nose. And sneezed three times, heavily.

"What's the mattah?" Jinny called out.

Cathy straightened up on her knees. "I . . . don't . . . know. I feel funny. Ker . . . choo! Oh, my arm's itching!" She scraped at her left arm.

"Now it's my forehead," she cried. "Oh, dear! Can you smell the onions?"

"Of courth not," Jinny said. "Whatth mattah with you anyway? Your face looks all splotchy."

Cathy swallowed. Two big tears ran down her stinging cheeks. "I feel sick. I'm getting hives," she wailed. "These awful old onions are giving me hives!"

"I'll go tell Mr. Smith," Jinny said, getting to her feet.

"You will not! I'll be all right." She started to pull weeds faster than ever, casting them furiously into the small furrow. Already her knees were burning. Could the welts be breaking out all over?

"I can't stop; I can't," she muttered to herself. "I've already charged the dress. Mother has got it. I've got to weed the onions . . . to get the money . . . to pay for Mother's . . . .

"Oh, Jinny," she wailed, sitting down flat in the furrow, "I can't see! My eyes are swelling shut! I can't tell a weed from an onion!" She began rubbing the back of her hand across her eyes, sniffling. "I can't see!" she called wildly.

"What's this about not seeing?" It was Mr. Smith's voice, and Cathy thought dimly he must have ears in the back of his head. Or else he was watching from a window.

"Cathy's got hives; she can't thee," Jinny said. Jinny always spoke out, making bad matters worse, Cathy thought desperately.

"I'll . . . be . . . all right," Cathy gasped. "They'll . . . go . . . away." To herself, she said frantically, They've got to. Her mother wouldn't keep the dress if she lost the job. When her father got home from the mill tonight, there'd be only gloom in the house.

Cathy got up on her knees again, plucked at what she thought was a weed.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Mr. Smith yelled. "That's an onion!" He leaned over and, grasping Cathy by the shoulder, lifted her to her feet. "Now then, let's look at you."

From his silence Cathy felt she must look shocking. "Come in the house . . . no, sit down on the ditch-bank in the shade." Even Mr. Smith's tight-fisted nature, his concern for his onions, seemed taking second place.

"I'll be all right," Cathy gasped. "I'll be all right!"

"Well, you won't be around onions, that's for sure," Mr. Smith said. "You," he went on, glancing at Jinny, "take your sister's arm and lead her home." As Jinny hurried forward, he muttered distractedly, "I've got to get somebody to weed those onions."

As Cathy and Jinny made their way alongside the house toward the front gate, Cathy could hear his voice on the telephone.

"NOWTH what?" Jinny said, as they stood outside the gate.

"I don't know," Cathy said. "Let's just stand here a minute. I feel better already. I believe I can see a little."

"Buth you can't weed onions," Jinny said.

"No. And we can't go home, either!" Despair poured through Cathy.

"Why canth the dress stay charged?" Jinny reasoned. "Miz Rawson said Fawthah's credit was good."

"It won't be if we do things like this!" Cathy cried. "Besides, Mother won't let us keep it. By the time Father gets home it'll be sent back. And he won't really want to keep it either. Theodore . . . ." In any trouble, Cathy's mind went to her cousin.

"Thindoo, Thindoo!" Jinny began to dance around with joy. "He'll help us."

"He will not," Cathy scolded. "How can he? He and Homer are thinning beets. And their beets are almost as important to them as Mr. Smith's onions are to him."

"Wellth, anyway," Jinny pleaded, "leth just go on down to the ranch. Ith only a mile; no farther than home."

Without hope, Cathy let herself be persuaded. There was no way out of her trouble this time, she felt sure. Going to Theodore's would only prolong her ordeal. And her respect and love for her father demanded she be back home in time to return the dress before the store closed for the night.

Walking along the dusty road, hurrying toward each patch of shade, feeling the coolness of the water in the ditch beside the road, hearing its rush and music and rhythm, did something for Cathy's hives. By the time they turned in at the wide pole gate at Theodore's ranch, most of the swelling seemed to have gone away. "I can even see," she told Jinny.

TO the north now lay the green expanse of the beet field. Two small blobs, one shorter and rounder over to the right, told Cathy where to go. Somehow the task ahead of her would seem easier if Theodore knew.

While Cathy told Theodore against Jinny's interruptions—Theodore went on thinning beets, watching Homer out of one eye, who kept striking out with his short hoe in all directions.

"I might have known," he said, his voice warm with sympathy. "I've noticed you never eat onions."

"I really didn't know myself I didn't like them," Cathy said.

"You're sure your mother won't keep the dress?" Theodore asked.

"I'm sure." Cathy's brown eyes met his blue ones.

"Sometimes it's better to just do a thing . . . go home and take the dress back, I mean," Theodore said.

It was his way of saying that this time he couldn't help.

I shouldn't have come, Cathy thought. It was bad enough that she'd got herself into this trouble. Now she had Theodore worried too.

She was just turning away, when she saw Uncle Stanley coming toward them.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. Uncle Stanley was kind, but he was also practical. He had so much work to do, he couldn't let his heart overrule his head the way Theodore sometimes seemed to do.

"We justh came to see Thindoo," Jinny said.

"Cathy charged a dress so Aunt Sue could go to Mother's party to-

night," Theodore told his father, "on the strength of weeding onions for Tom Smith. But Mr. Smith wouldn't let Jinny in the patch, and the onions gave Cathy hives. Her eyes swelled up so she couldn't see." He smiled a little at Cathy.

"Well, you might thin beets, though the job is for men," Uncle Stanley said. "But I'm short of cash, too. Theodore and Homer won't get paid until the beets are hauled this fall."

"I guess there's just nothing we can do," Cathy said, fighting to keep her voice steady. "Mother just can't go to the party."

"I didn't think you'd let girls thin beets," Theodore told his father.

"Under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't," Uncle Stanley said.

"I wonder," Theodore said, "if we could make a trade for a few days. I could go over to Mr. Smith's and weed his onions, take the money he gives me and pay for Aunt Sue's dress. Cathy and Jinny could stay here and thin beets."

Cathy saw Uncle Stanley's eyes go over the broad field of beets. Theodore, she knew, was his mainstay. Homer and Jinny and she would be poor substitutes.

"I'm sorry," he said. Already he was in a hurry. "I just . . . ." Suddenly he seemed really to see Cathy. "Why, this is Cathy!" he said. And then he grinned—like Theodore—and said, "We surely appreciated you ironing all those shirts!"

"Oh, that was all right," Cathy said. She closed her right hand, feeling the blisters which, by now, were turning to callouses. "I was glad to help."

Uncle Stanley seemed to be undergoing a change of heart. "Since it's Cathy who is asking, I think we should do our best. How long," he asked Theodore, "do you suppose it'll take you over at Smith's?"

Theodore was smiling now, too. Homer and Jinny were jumping up and down, their arms about each other. For the first moment since yesterday noon when she schemed her wild scheme, Cathy felt everything was going to be all right.

Golden Windows

Dorothy J. Roberts

In new pride I polish from my window pane
The wavy rivulets where rain has been . . . .
Once, far away, I watched a splendor come
Upon my own as on some hill-wide home.
And I recall the sheets of flaming gold
Each sash, against the dark and distance, held.
The final fingers of the sunset reached
Across the valley till these panes were touched
And rooms were filled with molten gold that fell,
A burning arras, to the window sill.
Rayed in rose and distance, mine was no less
Than the greatest treasure behind a window-glass . . . .
I shine to luster every crystal square
For though I may not see it, gold is there.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

VOTE WISELY: The political conditions of this country at the present time are anything but satisfactory. It is impossible to tell what a day may bring forth, or what new scheme may be developed by those who manipulate the machinery of politics . . . . Disturbing elements are at work . . . . Every man is asking his neighbor what the issues are likely to produce . . . . It is a solemn time as well as a time of extraordinary privilege, for one cannot contemplate the condition of this nation under the present outlook without feelings of sadness, and only to those who trust in God can there come the hope that is uplifting.

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN BINGHAM STAKE (IDAHO): President Zina D. H. Young and her Counselor Jane S. Richards, also Sister R. E. Monch attended the Relief Society Conference held at Iona, Idaho on the 13th of June. Apostle F. D. Richards was present and spoke very interestingly upon the Relief Society. These sisters had intended to visit Bannock and Bear Lake Stakes, but were hindered from making the trip on account of the high water.

—Editorial Notes

THE OTHER WORLD

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be . . . .

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide . . . .

—Selected

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN": Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe died at her home in Forest Street, Hartford (Connecticut) Wednesday, July 1st. Mrs. Stowe, the daughter of Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1811. At an early age she manifested a great eagerness for books . . . . On January 5, 1836, she married Rev. Calvin Stowe, D. D., professor of Biblical History in Lane Seminary, over which her father presided. During Mrs. Stowe's intervals of leisure amidst family cares, she contributed to the periodicals, sketches and short stories . . . . In 1852 . . . she contributed to the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper published at Washington, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a serial . . . . It met with unequaled success, 313,000 copies (in book form) were sold in the United States within three years and a half, and in all, over a million copies, including a German edition prepared there. In Great Britain its sale was enormous. It was translated into twenty different languages . . . and it was dramatized in various forms . . . .

—*Boston Transcript*

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

YOUR "Woman's Sphere" editor is sightseeing and visiting with members of her family in Europe and was privileged to attend the unusually inspirational Latter-day Saints Servicemen's Conference at the Army's Religious Retreat in Berchtesgaden. Minerva Young Bennion, wife of Elder Adam S. Bennion, touched the hearts of the servicemen with her appeal from mothers to these youths. The wives of the West German, French, and Netherlands Mission presidents: Bernice O. Dyer, Rachael L. Lee, and Ada S. VanDam gave beautiful talks. The same is true of Sister Bringhurst, whose husband is president of the Bern Temple.

WE learned how proud the Dutch people are of their Queen Juliana. They love her thrift, her democracy, her schedule of hard work, her excellent and wise motherhood. Besides this, she is "a clever woman." She went all through the University of Leyden with no special privileges or help from anyone. Since the high schools in Holland have eight-year courses, the University work is on a more advanced level, and one is twenty-five (if smart like Juliana) or, ordinarily, twenty-six at graduation time.

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, was awarded an honorary degree, Doctor of Humanities, at the commencement exercises at Brigham Young University, June 1, 1956. In addition to her devoted and distinguished service to Relief Society, President Spafford has participated in many other social welfare and humanitarian activities. She became vice-chairman of the Crusade for Freedom in 1952; she has been a vice-president of the National Council of Women since 1948, and attended the meetings of the International Council of Women in Helsinki, Finland, in 1954, as head of the American delegation of the National Council of Women of the United States. She is a director of the American Mothers' Committee. President Spafford has already received a citation from Brigham Young University as a distinguished alumnus.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Jane Anderton Perkins, Bountiful, Utah; ninety-two; Mrs. Matilda C. Robbins, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-two; Mrs. Minnie Peterson Brown, Coalville, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Eleanor Kelly Nicholes, American Fork, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Sarah Burbank Williams, Brigham City, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Lovisa Allan, Wellsville, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 JULY 1956 NO. 7

Frontiers

IT has been said that frontiers are now but half-forgotten realms in the world of history, that their eager, spiritual beckoning, their call to adventure and far places, their promise and their fulfillment will never be known to another generation. It is true that the geographical aspects of the world are fairly well known, having been viewed from the skies, and having been explored even to the lonely outposts by the brave and the venturesome. Nearly all the habitable regions are occupied, and, although some areas are still in various phases of the pioneering stage, still the noontide of seeking the unknown frontier is past.

Today we are not privileged to experience the sacrifice, the wonder, and the rejoicing of the quest of a far frontier. The wagons are gone, the trails but faintly marked upon the prairie; the mountain peaks are named and mapped, the course of the rivers long discovered. We may feel that in our generation we have lost something of that fearless facing of the future, that undeviating purpose, that great fulfillment that led the vanguard westward and turned the desert into gardens.

Still we need never be without the heritage of the frontier. It is our great legacy from the past to be for us a source of courage and buoyant inspiration, for, though the geographical frontiers have vanished, the frontiers of the future forever remain — the undiscovered realms of mind and spirit — individual development and group accomplishment. Along these pathways, there are still mountains to climb and wide and verdant valleys to be cultivated.

Much of life is like an ever-beckoning frontier. Take the morning, for instance — dawn is forever a frontier, the light of day on a far peak, the joy of waking with the golden hours unfolding. No one knows in the morning what treasures of enlightenment and understanding a day may bring. Its hours are all to be discovered — "if I take the wings of the morning . . . ."

A new type of work is a frontier, or a new way of doing a familiar responsibility. A homemaker walks each day in a frontier land, for almost every hour brings some new adventure on the trail of time. It may be only the planting of the garden, the glory of first bloom, the ripe fruit on a tree. It may be an adventure into designing or home decorating, or perhaps the making of a gift or the planning of a birthday dinner — or something more prosaic. Perfection may be in small units, and often a valley view of life may exceed in contentment the expanse that some far height reveals.

How privileged is the woman who sees her children and her grandchildren embark on the frontiers of life. The mysterious world lies all around

the infant — to be explored — the texture of a petal, the satin lining of a quilt, the windowpane — and then all the further knowledge breaking upon his consciousness. Wonderful is the frontier of childhood and privileged those who may share and influence that journey which reaches through family patterns into the far eternity.

Each picture first seen, all the music heard and learned, are pathways of satisfaction where, in the mind and spirit, one may feel the joy of discovery. Who has fully discovered the treasures along scriptural highways? Each reading and re-reading may become a frontier of spiritual heights. Recall the Proverb, speaking of wisdom:

> The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning . . . . When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth. While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world (Proverbs 8:22-26).

For us in the Church, our own Relief Society, established when Nauvoo the Beautiful was a frontier city, for us the world-wide sisterhood offers a broad and shining pathway into new interests and accomplishments, a journeying into regions of the mind and spirit not known before. For all of us there are illuminating and satisfying experiences in every meeting, every activity — new friends, new thoughts, new knowledge, further enlightenment, and the ever-increasing unity of the sisterhood.

Once a poet in reverie asked, "What canst thou find with seeking which hath not long been found?" There is much to be found with seeking which we have not yet experienced, and the place to find our beckoning horizons is still along the far and near frontiers. We still shall find "the heaven for height, and the earth for depth . . ." (Proverbs 25:3).

—V. P. C.

Grandfather's Cello

Dora Toone Brough

The oxen trudged along, their pace was slow,
Week after week across that sun-scorched plain;
Grandfather's cello tied to a wagon bow—
It came out West in a pioneer train.
Yes, it must come, no matter what the risk
For why should he leave such a treasured thing?
And cello music could be loud and brisk
By campfire glow, to help them dance and sing.
It found its way into a hall of fame,
That grand old Playhouse known from East to West,
Those music makers of the past became
Most famous, too, they were among the best.
Now, in his grandson's home it shall endure
Close by grandmother's loom, safe and secure.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and ward should present to the president of the respective organizations, a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselors should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

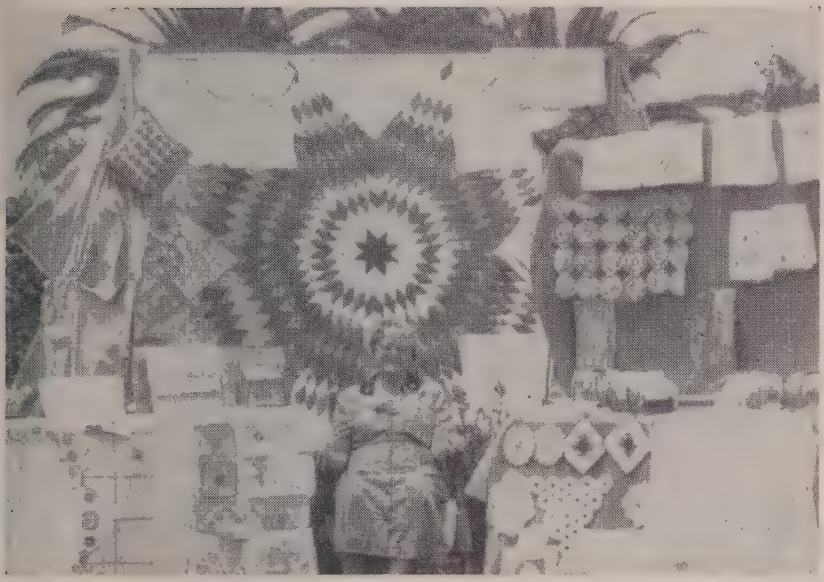
Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

Years

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Years are but soundless shells beside life's sea,
When filled with only days and days,
Yet each returns a muted symphony,
When crowned with kindly gracious ways.



Lily N. Hortnagl Makes Handicraft Gifts for Many Occasions

LILY Norton Scott Hortnagl of Long Beach, California, has done many kinds of work, but the "odd" minutes she has spent on her handicraft hobbies have netted her a rich reward and have given happiness to hundreds of her relatives and friends. She has made sixteen star quilts, and each of her children received a star quilt as a wedding gift. She has crocheted many doilies, pot holders, tablecloths, lace for many pillow-slips, and hundreds of other items. She has made baskets from greeting cards, has painted tea towels, and has done both hand and machine sewing of all kinds. Her work has won awards at fairs on different occasions, and two years ago she won a first prize for making a man's shirt, which was exhibited at the Arizona State Fair in Phoenix.

Mrs. Hortnagl was born in Colonia Dublan, Mexico, and was married to Charles B. Scott in 1910. In 1927 she was left a widow with six children. In Pomerene, Arizona, she served nine years as postmistress, and, supplementing this occupation with janitorial work at night, she made a living for her family. With the help of her thirteen-year-old son, she built a house, using second-hand brick, rocks from the hills, and sand from the creek. She mixed the concrete with a hand mixer. When she was ready for the roof, all the men from the town helped put up the gable ends ready to be shingled. While Mrs. Hortnagl was tacking on the shingles, the Relief Society visiting teachers came. "Don't come down," they called, "we will give you our message and you can hear from where you are. The message is: 'Beautify Your Homes.' You are setting an example."

In 1932 she was married to Lorenz Hortnagl and moved to California. She filled two stake missions and, in 1950, accompanied her husband to Switzerland for a two-year mission. She has been a visiting teacher since 1910, and for thirteen years she made a one-hundred per cent record without a break. She has twenty-three grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. She has compiled a beautiful "Book of Remembrance" and loves to write. Mrs. Hortnagl says that she hopes she will never be "laid on the shelf."

Recipes From the Danish Mission

Submitted by Mary Kaiser

Frikadeller
(Danish Meat Balls)

½ lb. veal
½ lb. pork
2 c. milk
1 egg
1 grated onion
2 tbsp. flour or 1 c. bread crumbs
salt and pepper to taste

Put veal and pork together through a grinder four or five times. Add flour or bread crumbs, milk, egg, onion, salt, and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Drop in frying pan from a large tablespoon and fry over a low flame. Serve with browned butter, potatoes, and stewed cabbage.

Rodgrod med Flode
(Fruit Pudding With Cream)

1⅔ lbs. red currants
1⅔ lbs. raspberries
8 c. water
sweeten to taste
½ c. potato flour (or cornstarch)
vanilla
blanched almonds

The foreigner who visits Denmark remembers this dessert mainly because of its Danish name (Rodgrod med Flode) which is almost impossible for him to pronounce. His Danish friends are always greatly amused by his efforts to say it right. It is a popular dish on a hot summer day.

Wash the currants and raspberries, add water, and boil. When all the juice has boiled out, remove the berries from the fire, force through a fine sieve or a cloth, and put the juice back into the pot. Sweeten to taste, and thicken with the potato flour or cornstarch, using ¼ c. thickening to every 4 c. of juice. If potato flour is used, be sure to have juice boiling hot when it is added, and take the juice off the stove while adding the flour. If potato flour boils, the juice will be "long"—a sure sign of a bad cook in Denmark! Add the vanilla. While still hot pour into a glass bowl. When it begins to stiffen, decorate the surface with a pattern of blanched almonds. Serve with sugar and cream.

Smorrebrod
(Open Sandwiches)

There is no doubt that Denmark's open sandwiches (Smorrebrod) are the most famous feature of the Danish kitchen. Strangely enough, they are not found elsewhere, even in neighboring countries. Danish sandwiches have hundreds of variations, and new ones are constantly being composed. From the simple, "flat," four sandwiches that office workers take with them to work and eat at their desks, accompanied by a bottle of milk, they range to the gloriously colored "high" compositions, so generous that three are enough for a meal, eaten at restaurants.

In Denmark, we usually make sandwiches with dark rye bread. The bread should be made with the whole grain and should be as firm as possible, so that the slices can be quite thin. Also, white bread can be used, but it should be of heavy texture and may be toasted. Fish is usually the starter, and from there one goes to the meat and salad. Almost inevitably Danes wind up the "Smorrebrod" meal with a piece of buttered white bread on which a good cheese has been placed. Recipes for some typical Danish sandwiches follow:

Aeg og Sild
(Eggs and Herrings)

Spread slices of hard boiled egg on buttered bread and place one or more boned herrings lengthwise on the egg. Decorate with cress.

Rejemad
(Shrimp Sandwich)

The small Danish shrimps are extremely popular delicacies, and most Danish housewives are virtual masters at peeling them, but it is slow work for the beginner. At restaurants, shrimps are always served peeled, unless the customer specifically asks for unpeeled ones. Put a fresh leaf of lettuce on the buttered bread and top abundantly with cold boiled shrimps.

Dyrlaegens Natmad
("The Veterinarian's Midnight Snack")

Spread spiced lard on a piece of dark rye bread, and put slices of liver paste on top. Pieces of jellied consomme are placed over this, and on top, pieces of slightly salted boiled veal. Decorate with cress.

Roquefort Ost med Aeggeblomme
(Blue Cheese and Egg Yolk)

Butter a piece of white bread and spread Danish blue cheese — or gorgonzola — in a ring, making a hollow in the center. When eating the sandwich, break the raw egg yolk and spread it across the cheese. Thin slices of radish may be used to decorate this and other kinds of cheese sandwiches.

Kodsuppe med Urter og Boller
(Meat Soup With Vegetables, Meat Balls, and Dumplings)

Soup

8¾ lbs. beef
7 qts. water
1 celeriac (a variety of celery)
4 carrots
5 leeks
parsley
salt and pepper to taste

Put the beef in water, add salt, cover, and boil for fifteen minutes. Then skim, and add celery or celeriac, carrots, leeks, and a bunch of the top of a leek, leaves from the celeriac or celery, a sprig of parsley and seasoning. When meat is tender, remove, together with the vegetables, and strain the soup. Cut the vegetables in small pieces.

Meat Balls

½ lb. veal
½ lb. pork
2 tbsp. flour
2 c. milk
1 egg
salt and pepper to taste

Put veal and pork together through the grinder four or five times. Add flour, milk, and eggs. Boil the meat balls by themselves, but do not add to the soup until they are done, otherwise, they will thicken the soup.

Dumplings

⅔ c. butter
1 c. flour
1 c. water
5 eggs
little salt and sugar

Melt butter, stir in flour and add boiling water. When mixture is cool, add egg yolks and a little salt and sugar. Finally, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Form into

tiny balls with a teaspoon, and drop into boiling water. Cook slowly for a few minutes, and remove from water with a perforated spoon.

Put the dumplings, the meat balls, and the vegetables in the soup and serve. Slice the beef and serve it afterwards with boiled potatoes and horse-radish sauce.

Aeblekage
(Apple Cake)

2 lbs. cooking apples
1 c. melted butter
sweeten to taste
dried bread crumbs
jelly
whipped cream
vanilla

Peel, core, and quarter apples. Simmer, covered in a little water, until soft. Force through a sieve and sweeten to taste. Add vanilla. Butter a fireproof dish, put layers of bread crumbs and layers of applesauce into the dish alternately, letting the bottom and the top layer be of bread crumbs. Pour the melted butter down through the apple cake, and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven. Turn on to a plate and decorate with jelly and whipped cream. Additional whipped cream may be served in a separate dish. Serve the cake either hot or cold.

Kringle
(Knot-shaped Cake)

300 grams flour
300 grams butter or margarine
200 grams sugar
2 eggs
60 grams dry yeast
egg and sugar for coating

Mix flour with margarine or butter. Stir yeast with a little sugar and put it in the flour together with eggs. Roll the dough at once in two bars. Stir butter with sugar and place it on the bars. Form the bars as a knot, place them in the pan, and let them rise from three to four hours. Coat with egg and sugar. Bake in a hot oven (375°) for about 20 minutes.

Note: About 28⅓ grams equal an ounce in avoirdupois weight. For purposes of cooking measurements, it would be reliable to figure about 28 grams to an ounce.

Citron-Fromage
(Lemon Sponge Cream)

5 eggs
100 grams sugar
5 sheets husblas (unsweetened gelatine equal to one envelope)
juice and grated peel of 1 lemon

Whip egg yolks and sugar light and foamy. Add lemon juice and grated peel. Stir soaked, melted, and warmed gelatine in the eggs. Place in a cool place. When it thickens, mix carefully the stiff whipped egg whites in it. Pour into a bowl and set in a cool place until it is completely stiff. Decorate wth whipped cream.

Note: If the sponge cream parts into two layers, the yolks and the whites have been mixed too early. If the gelatine thickens in fluffs or lumps, it has been too cold and added too slowly when it was mixed in the sponge cream.

Each Day Is Mine

Mary Hess Hackney

As time unwinds upon life's reel,
Each day is mine, and none can steal
The happiness and deep content
That come to me with time well spent.

Heart's Bounty

Chapter 2

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Fourteen-year-old Annie Griffith is taken by her father to Salt Lake City at the invitation of the Williams family to live and be educated with their daughter Marie. Annie's family is temporarily living in the mountains while Brother Griffith serves a mission to cut stone for the temple. Annie, almost in tears, bids goodbye to her father, and is comforted by Parker Josephson, a neighbor and friend of the Williams family.

THE days turned into a pattern for Annie Griffith, and she was able to get over the first pangs of homesickness that she had felt. She longed for word of her family, and letters did come whenever anyone from the camp came to the town. She applied herself to her lessons and grew quite proud of the ease with which she sailed through her first Latin grammar. She would be reading *Julius Caesar* in no time, Professor Peterson said. But her heart sank as the days got crisper, and it was obvious that her father wasn't going to be able to make another trip down until spring. She hadn't really expected him, but the thought that he might, had comforted her at night those first sad days.

Annie and Marie ran around the top of the carriage house spreading white sheets to dry fruit on. The apricots and corn were all long safe in the cellar, and the season for preparing for the winter, nearly over.

Parker Josephson came out of his house and waved at the girls. He was with his father, and they were on their way back to the Josephson store. Both girls nearly tumbled off the roof trying to wave back.

Marie called out, but her Aunt Agnes reproved her sharply. "They're on their way back to Brother Josephson's store; you can't delay them for foolish play. Besides, Parker has a great many things to do these last few days, and you girls must leave him alone, so he can get ready without being interrupted by your games and jokes."

Marie stood up with her arms akimbo. "Aunt Agnes, what's he getting ready for?"

"Now, I have let the cat out of the bag, and we'll never finish our work. It's time for your lessons in less than an hour, and we've too much to do to waste it gabbing."

Aunt Agnes set her lips firmly, and Annie and Marie began to work again. Marie broke the silence once, but her Aunt Agnes again stopped her short. It wasn't until they raced back into the house for lesson time, that Marie rushed to her mother with their questions.

"Why, girls, Marie dear, Parker's going back East to a university, a college. He's going to prepare himself in mathematics and the sciences so he can come home some day, and help make our own university a place to be proud of. I thought perhaps he might have told you already, Marie, but I suppose he was trying to save your feelings a few more happy days. He has been

such a good playmate for a little girl who had no sisters or brothers of her own. But now you have Annie."

"I want Parker," Marie cried, and she burst into tears.

"How long will he be gone?" Annie asked.

Sister Williams stroked Marie's hair. "About three years, they say. Don't cry, Marie. He'll come back. You have other friends who love you, Marie."

Marie looked up. "We can make him a present to take. Oh, Annie, let's make him something special. Only you'll have to do the sewing, because I'm such a dunce at sewing."

Aunt Agnes stood in the doorway. "You're a little dunce, because you never finish anything you start. But I'll help you cut out and sew Parker a shirt, if you promise to stay with the project until it's completed."

"I will, I will." Marie danced with joy. "That's a real present he'll love, won't he, Annie?"

"Yes, if we can make it nicely enough. I've helped with my brother's shirts at home, but Mama always made Daddy's shirts."

"I won't let you make any mistakes." Aunt Agnes smiled at Annie's earnest concern. "You'll be able to handle everything very well, I'm sure."

THE week before Parker was to leave, Brother and Sister Williams had a small dinner for him in their home. There had been a dance held especially in his honor at the Church amusement hall, but the girls had had to come home early. Parker had been very fair; he had danced with friends his own age, but had included one dance each for Marie and Annie. Aunt Agnes had thought they were much too young for that sort of thing. The girls had lain in bed and talked about the dance after Marie had finally stopped grumbling about having to come home so early.

"It won't be the same without Parker," Marie lamented, turning over and resting her cheek snugly in her pillow.

"No," said Annie, "it won't be the same."

"I'm glad he's coming to our place last of all before he's to go. Mama and Papa have been friends with his parents before I was even born. Do you think he'll ever come back?"

"Of course," said Annie who was lying on her back looking up toward the dark ceiling.

"Then I'm going to wait and marry him then," said Marie yawning. In a moment she was sound asleep, and, finally, Annie turned over and slept also.

Sister Williams used her best china, the china Brother Williams had brought all the way from New York, for the special Parker dinner, as they called it. The girls flew back and forth working all day to help get the house shining and the dinner ready. There were no lessons that day, which made Marie jump for joy.

The shirt was finished and pressed neatly and tied up in a package ready for Parker. "I'll be the one to give it to him," Marie said happily.

"Annie should be the one," said Aunt Agnes, "since she did almost

all the work. You'll never be much of a sewer, I'm afraid, Marie."

Sister Williams was brushing Marie's ringlets. "You're so hard on her, Agnes. Marie can give the shirt for both of them. Annie will be right there. He'll know they both did their best."

"You'll let me, won't you, Annie?" Marie pleaded.

"Of course, it doesn't matter who gives it to him."

"You see!" Marie said triumphantly.

"Do hold still," her mother pleaded. "We don't have much time to finish dressing, and you're taking all the time with your hair. Look, Annie's ready to go down and help again in the kitchen."

Annie had braided her heavy black hair so tightly it pulled at her scalp. Her face was scrubbed until it shone, and the dark blue of her dress matched her eyes exactly. She followed Aunt Agnes back down the long dark stairs to the kitchen and pantry, where the main preparations for the meal were in progress.

Steam covered all the downstairs windows, and it was unbearably warm in the kitchen. They dared not open the outside door, because both Sister Williams and Marie were prone to lung congestion. There were beads of perspiration on Annie's brow before it was finally time to serve dinner. Brother and Sister Josephson and two other families had come to the dinner.

Though the girls helped with the serving, they also ate at the large, round dinner table. Annie thought she had never tasted such delicious roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. There were so many things to learn, thought Annie. They had not been able to have many elaborate dinners in the mountains. But there were not many years left, and they would all be back together on her father's farm. She would know a great deal by then, she thought.

THEY saved the presents until after dinner. The families gathered in the parlor for singing, and then came the moment the girls had decided upon to present Parker with his shirt. Marie's eyes sparkled as she laid it in his lap.

He untied it and declared that it was the nicest shirt he'd ever owned. Then he kissed Marie on the top of her head for a thank you, but Annie ran and hid in the kitchen when he came over to thank her, which made everyone laugh.

They sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Be With You," and then Brother Williams said the evening prayers, with everyone kneeling against the chairs and loveseat. Everyone hated to say goodbye to Parker. He was such a lot of fun, and he was very industrious, everyone said. But he would be able to better serve his Church and people with further education, and he did have a good mind.

At dawn the next morning, Marie and Annie ran and hid behind the lilac bushes to watch Parker leave with his father in the buggy. The girls had agreed to say nothing, simply to hide there and watch him leave, but at the last minute, Marie had danced out into the path calling, "Goodbye, Parker, goodbye."

He ran over, then, and ordered Marie back into the house before she caught her death of cold.

"Goodbye, little Marie," he said. "Goodbye, Annie. Why did you run and hide last night when I wanted to say goodbye?"

"I don't know," Annie said, and tried to drop behind Marie.

"Here, then," Parker said. "We'll shake hands before I go, anyway."

Annie offered her hand while Marie hopped up and down and cried, "You will write to us, won't you, Parker?"

"I surely will, if you'll answer my letters. Now run back into the house both of you, or Marie's mother will never forgive me. Go on, while I watch. And no sniffling, Marie."

Annie turned to follow Marie, but Parker caught her arm again. "Annie, will you still be here when I get back?"

"I think so," Annie said without looking at him.

"I guess you'll be all grown up then, but I hope you'll be here or not too far away, anyway." Annie tried to draw away, and this time he let her go, but he didn't turn until the big door had closed on both the girls.

IT was hard for Marie and Annie to concentrate on their lessons. In a few days, though, they felt less as if they had lost their only friend, and began to play again and consider that there would be a time when Parker would be coming back.

By spring Annie was well into *Julius Caesar* and able to read it very well. Professor Peterson had nothing but praise for the results of her serious efforts. Marie would bend her golden head over her book, stumbling on the phrases until her face would grow scarlet. Annie yearned to whisper the answers, but she was far too afraid of the wrath of their teacher. The lessons sometimes ended with Marie in a fit of tears, but, more often, Marie was indifferent.

"I never want to be a teacher," she would say petulantly, when her teacher would question her why she was not better prepared. "I'm going to get married."

"Do you not think you need to know anything to get married?" Professor Peterson's face would get angry.

When Marie's mother sat in the room with them, the lessons went more peacefully. Often two other girls joined them for special lessons. It was more fun in a larger group, Annie thought, and Marie did better when she wasn't really pinned down to be specific in her answers.

In the spring, the girls were told that this year would finish any mathematics they were to have. Marie was delighted, but Annie stayed to talk to Professor Peterson after their lessons.

"I feel I know nothing about mathematics," she explained. "I would like you to help me go on in that study next fall. I can't stop now before I've really learned anything."

Professor Peterson put his finger beside his nose. "You may continue those lessons. Most certainly." He did not say it, but Annie with her quick mind was a continual delight to him. And now this. Yes, she would make a fine teacher. "The glory of God is intelligence."

AFTER the snow melted and the earth dried for summer, Annie began to look forward to seeing her father again. She half expected someone to bring a letter letting her know when he might be coming into Salt Lake. One afternoon after she had finished scrubbing the kitchen, the pantry, the porch, and the stairs that led down to the board walk in back of the house, she looked up to see Aunt Agnes (as she now called Marie's Aunt) beckoning her from the window. There was a stitch in her back when she stood up, and she hadn't washed her hands yet, but she went right back up the stairs. She rinsed her hands in the kitchen and Aunt Agnes came to the doorway in some agitation. "Annie, dear, do hurry. There's news of your father in the parlor."

Annie never bothered to dry her hands at all. A letter? Here? She ran down the hall toward the front of the house, seeking Sister Williams who must have the letter.

"No, not a letter," Aunt Agnes called, but Annie dashed into the parlor and almost stumbled over her father sitting quietly talking to Sister Williams. He caught her in his arms and kissed her soundly and made her sit down.

"Oh, Father," Annie cried, "I was going to impress you so with my lady-like behavior when you came, and now I've spoiled everything."

"You did come in a bit swiftly," her father laughed. "But Sister Williams has told me enough to make me very happy and proud of you, Annie."

Annie's eyes thanked Sister Williams. It was wonderful to visit with her father again, and get news of her mother and her brothers. They talked of how quickly the year had gone by, and how quickly the next three years would pass, and then they would be back together again at their own farm, north of Great Salt Lake City. Annie would be able to teach somewhere close by, or perhaps stay at home and help her mother. Annie thought that would be wonderful.

It was sad to see her father go again in two days, but Annie didn't need anyone this time to help her through the parting, as Parker had helped her the year before. She cried a little in her pillow at night, but woke with a happy heart and a zest for all the things she and Marie were required to do each day.

She read the *Aeneid* the next winter, and began Greek. She had always been excellent in spelling and reading and was doing well, Professor Peterson thought, in her mathematics—for a girl.

"You could make a first-rate scholar," Professor Peterson told her once. "But Marie, you're dawdling all your time and talent away."

Marie never heard. She daydreamed, with her curls caught between her pretty hands. "Annie, which trim shall I have on my new dress, the pink lace or the brown?"

Professor Peterson stood up in exasperation, and the lessons were over for another day.

Annie worked all summer over presents to send to her family. She knitted a warm woolen petticoat and shawl for her mother, and made shirts and socks for her broth-

ers and father. Sometimes she was desperate because she felt she might never finish them before the last wagon went up to the little camp in the mountains. There was little time when she was not working or studying or accompanying Marie somewhere. But she did get her bundle completed and firmly packed and sent off with Brother Harris who had his small family up in the mountains, too.

Annie felt dull and just a little sad, with her sewing finished and no new project immediately in sight. The days were getting cold and sharp when Marie and Annie received their first letter from Parker Josephson.

Marie squealed with delight. "Isn't he kind and thoughtful to include both our names on the letter, Annie? Isn't he wonderful?"

He told of the big Eastern university and the pretty countryside, and how much more foliage there was back there than at home. He said he missed everyone very much, but especially the jokes and fun of his two little friends. There was also a long letter to Marie's parents and, of course, mail for his own family and other friends his own age.

"We must write him back at once," Marie said. "You can help me with a letter, Annie. Help me think of things to say . . . ."

"And how to spell the words?" asked Aunt Agnes briskly.

"Yes," laughed Marie. "I'll write the letter. What do you want me to tell Parker for you, Annie?"

Aunt Agnes bit a thread with her teeth. "Marie, maybe Annie wants to write her own letter."

"No, that's all right," Annie said, not looking up from her crocheting. "Marie can tell him hello for me."

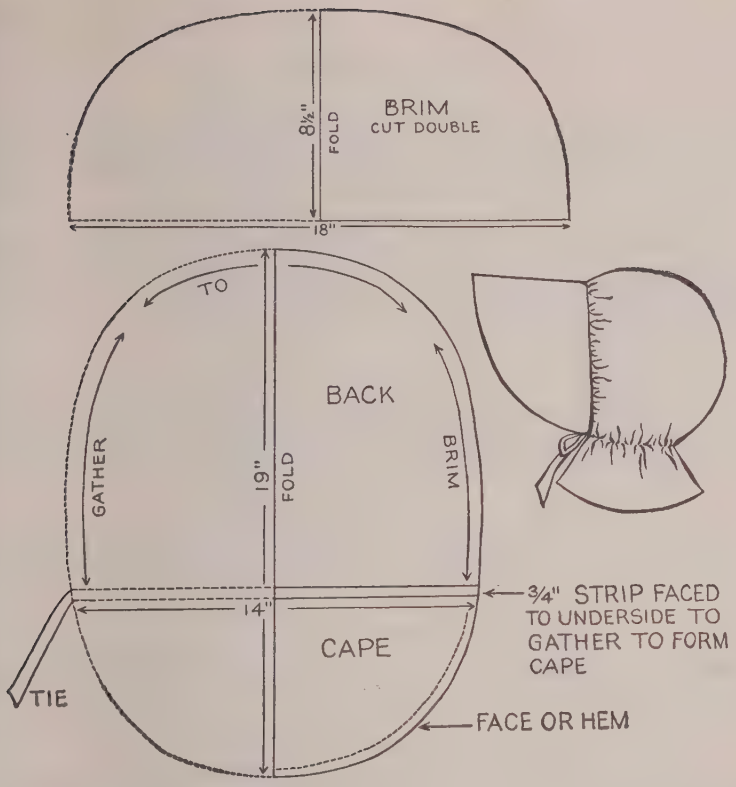
Marie danced off to get the materials for writing from her mother. Annie pressed her lips together firmly and blinked back the sting against her eyelids. It was foolish to be so sensitive. She would have to learn to be less so.

(*To be continued*)

In the Quiet Harbor

Mabel Law Atkinson

Within the harbor of tranquility
I judge the ravages of pirate years
Less harshly than the while they plundered me,
Flaunting their dreaded gonfalon of fears;
For now I know the wise, far-seeing Pilot
Chartered the course my fragile craft should take
To come at last unto fulfillment's islet
Where starlings call a challenge from the brake.
Where once the winds of desolation moaned
To mock my cry, re-echoes lyric song—
Mute carillons of angels were intoned
Within despair to guide my craft along.
The dreams I thought the pirate years had killed
Now in the quiet harbor are fulfilled.



Sew a Sunbonnet

Marijane Morris

IF the women of America were ever to need a common symbol — it could be the sunbonnet.

The broad-brimmed bonnets, in some form or another, were always present when ever something really important happened to America.

Curiously, however, little information is available on them as a type of headdress. And yet, they have endured through the years and are still a favorite of many women. Those who make and wear sunbonnets today may nôt do as grandmother did, match them to their dresses, but you can be sure they know their value in warding off the sun's rays and frustrating the insects. Surely, the sunbonnet has earned more than mention in a dictionary.

The pattern here is a basic one consisting of five pieces: the brim, the back, the three-fourths inch deep strip sewed to the underside back to be used to gather up the cape, and the two ties.

It requires one-half yard of any kind of light-weight material, print, organdy, cretonne, etc.

The brim is made double. The back is gathered to the underside of the brim, and the right side of the brim stitched down on top, as you would attach a collar or skirt band.

Sandwiches

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist,
Utah State Agricultural College

The purpose of a sandwich determines the kind and amount of filling to be used, as well as its size. A sandwich can supply most of the needs of a good meal, or it may be a light accompaniment to a salad, soup, or beverage.

CHEESE FILLINGS:

Pimiento Cheese Logs

Cut a sandwich loaf into thin slices. Trim off crusts. Spread each slice with cream cheese pimiento filling. Roll up like a jelly roll. Circle with bacon; fasten ends with toothpick, then broil till golden on all sides and bacon is crisp. Serve at once with a crisp salad.

Special Cheese

Blend together one 3-oz. package cream cheese, 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento, 1½ tbsp. chopped olives, and ½ tbsp. chopped nuts.

Snappy Cheese

Wash, dry, and finely chop 1 c. water cress. Add 3 tbsp. cream cheese, ½ tbsp. Worcestershire and 1 tbsp. French dressing.

Roquefort Special

Blend 1 small package (3 oz.) cream cheese with 2 oz. Roquefort or blue cheese. Season with ½ tsp. grated onion, ½ tsp. Worcestershire and ¼ tsp. salt. Spread on bread. Cut. Sprinkle each sandwich with paprika and place under broiler to brown.

Variety Cheese Spread

This easily prepared spread is excellent for sandwiches and hors d'oeuvres. The possibilities of seasoning it are endless.

1 pound cheddar-type cheese — any smooth melting cheese may be used. Process cheese is excellent.
1 tall can evaporated milk.

Grate cheese or cut in small pieces. Put cheese and milk in top part of double boiler; cook over hot water, stirring constantly just until the cheese melts. Remove from heat and season to taste. It is a good idea to divide the mixture into 2 or 3 portions and season each differently.

Seasonings: Minced chives, pimiento, or parsley
Chopped olives or celery
Pickle relish
Prepared mustard
Caraway seeds

Chicken Salad Rolls

Combine 1 c. each minced chicken and celery, and ½ c. each chopped nuts and shredded carrots with ¼ c. thick sour cream, 2 tbsp. French dressing; 1 tsp. each salt and dry mustard, and ½ tsp. sage. Spread on 8 buttered rolls.

Chicken Salad

Combine 1½ c. chopped cooked chicken, ¼ c. chopped celery, 2 tbsp. chopped olives, ¼ tsp. salt. Mix with enough mayonnaise to moisten — about 4 tbsp. Add a crisp leaf of lettuce or shredded lettuce to each sandwich. (Tuna may be used in place of chicken.)

Chicken and Almond

Combine 1 c. chopped cooked chicken, ⅓ c. chopped toasted almonds or peanuts, 3 tbsp. mayonnaise, 3 tbsp. sour cream, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well.

Chicken Treat

Use two parts each of chopped cooked chicken and broken California walnuts with 1 part drained crushed pineapple, moistened with salad dressing.

Corned Beef

Combine 1 c. chopped corned beef, ½ c. chopped celery, 1 tsp. grated onion, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise. Mix well.

Tuna Special

Remove excess oil from canned tuna fish. Flake fish and combine 1 c. with ¼ c. each of chopped celery, nuts, and olives; add ½ tsp. salt and mayonnaise, enough to moisten — about 4 tbsp.

Orange Crunch Sandwiches

3 oranges, 1 tbsp. butter, 2 c. granulated sugar, 1 c. boiling water.

Put orange rinds and all through food chopper, using coarse blade. Mix all ingredients in saucepan. Boil about 15 minutes or until mixture is thick. Store in covered jar in refrigerator. When ready to use, spread slices of raisin bread with butter. Mix chunk style peanut butter into as much of the orange mixture as you intend to use. Spread on bread.

SANDWICH FILLINGS SUITABLE FOR FREEZING:

Beef and Ketchup

1¼ c. cooked ground beef
1 tsp. Worcestershire
1 tbsp. softened butter
½ tsp. salt
⅓ c. ketchup

Corned Beef

1 c. (12 oz. can) corned beef, chopped
½ c. cooked salad dressing
2 tbsp. pickle relish
½ tsp. celery salt

Chicken or Tuna and Pickle

1¼ c. cooked, chopped chicken or tuna
¼ c. chopped pickle
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
⅓ c. boiled salad dressing or undiluted cream of chicken soup
¼ tsp. celery salt

Selected Data—Annual Report 1955

RELIEF Society continued to advance in nearly all phases of the program during 1955, its 113th year, according to the activities and achievements reflected in this report compiled from the annual reports of 223 stakes and 42 missions. Many worthwhile and inspiring activities, particularly in compassionate service, were disclosed by the narrative sections of the reports.

There were 7,213 members added to Relief Society during the year, bringing the total membership to 163,513—a considerable number being young women living in foreign lands to which their husbands have been assigned in the armed forces. These young women not only enjoy the benefits of the Relief Society program themselves, but are introducing them to their neighbors among whom they are temporarily living. While the growth reflected in 1955 is commendable, it is less than 1954, and so our goal—every Latter-day Saint woman a member of Relief Society—should continue to receive constant, serious consideration. In 1955, 103,467 Relief Society members participated in leadership activities, bringing opportunity for development to 6,269 more women than were reached by these activities in 1954.

The overall average attendance at regular meetings showed a slight decrease, though there was a slight increase in the missions. Theology and testimony meetings continued to enjoy the largest attendance, followed, in order, by work, literature, and social science meetings. We are particularly gratified to see that work meeting, through its varied program designed to meet the needs of all homemakers, old and young, is bringing into the society many young women interested in making their homes attractive and happier.

Visiting teacher meetings increased 760 in the stakes and 376 in the missions, and the increase of 163,079 visits to Latter-day Saint families by 4,873 more visiting teachers in 2,617 more districts, reflects steady progress in this vital activity.

Compassionate services continued to receive increased attention as indicated by 12,421 more visits to the sick and homebound, and ten more days care of the sick, over 1954. The increase in days care of the sick, while small, is commendable in view of the present trend toward hospitalization. The narrative sections of the reports contained many inspiring and heartwarming incidents of varied types of solicitude and help for the aged as well as for neighbors and friends. All this is evidence that the grand key words of the society as given by the Prophet Joseph Smith — "Said Jesus: 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do' " — continue to have place and purpose in the hearts of Relief Society members.

This is the second year we have received reports on the Singing Mothers choruses. These showed 2,005 choruses in the stakes and missions, an increase of 228, with approximately 30,983 singers, an increase of 3,703 over 1954. These are very encouraging increases in this lovely and satisfying activity which gives added unity, spirituality, and cultural benefits to those who listen as well as to those who sing, and, in addition, brings music into the homes of the participants.

Each year sees an expansion of Relief Society's program and influence, not only in the established stakes and missions, but in newly created stakes and in missions in remote lands and islands not heretofore reached, and so our great band of sisterhood gradually is encircling the world.

The general board gratefully acknowledges the support of all those who have so unselfishly given of their time, talents, minds, and hearts in advancing the Relief Society program of raising human lives to higher and happier levels. With the sustained loyalty of its devoted workers, Relief Society will continue to do so.

Margaret C. Pickering

General Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERSHIP — 1955

334,906 L.D.S. Families + 16,216 over 1954
163,513 R.S. Members + 7,213 over 1954
or 48.82% of potential membership

In Stakes

276,077 L.D.S. Families + 11,495 over 1954
133,228 R.S. Members + 6,166 over 1954
or 48.26% of potential membership

In Missions

58,829 L.D.S. Families + 4,721 over 1954
30,285 R.S. Members + 1,047 over 1954
or 51.48% of potential membership

LEADERSHIP ACTIVITIES

103,467 R.S. Members Participated in Leadership Activities — 1955

97,198 in 1954

	1955	1954
General Officers	26	24
Stake Officers	2,579	2,490
Mission Officers	697	607
Local Executive Officers	13,882	13,524
Other Officers	7,309	7,011
Class Leaders	13,462	12,903
Visiting Teachers	65,512	60,639

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS—1955

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
United States and Territories						
Alabama			14	177	14	177
Alaska			4	119	4	119
Arizona	105	6,385	23	437	128	6,822
Arkansas			7	110	7	110
California	298	18,232	33	861	331	19,093
Colorado	25	1,348	26	615	51	1,963
Connecticut			4	80	4	80
Delaware			3	43	3	43
District of Columbia	3	110			3	110
Florida	9	364	35	632	44	996
Georgia	3	94	19	382	22	476
Hawaii	16	739	41	810	57	1,549
Idaho	329	20,113	5	99	334	20,212
Illinois	8	311	28	523	36	834
Indiana	1	26	22	542	23	568
Iowa			10	205	10	205
Kansas			21	312	21	312
Kentucky			22	358	22	358
Louisiana	9	238	8	156	17	394
Maine			11	127	11	127
Maryland	4	268	1	13	5	281
Massachusetts			11	192	11	192
Michigan	9	272	5	118	14	390
Minnesota			15	333	15	333
Mississippi	8	118	7	118	15	236
Missouri			21	435	21	435
Montana	12	368	50	1,130	62	1,498
Nebraska			13	194	13	194
Nevada	41	2,316			41	2,316
New Hampshire			3	32	3	32
New Jersey	2	85	4	129	6	214
New Mexico	18	649	30	516	48	1,165
New York	5	241	21	405	26	646
North Carolina			40	816	40	816
North Dakota			6	62	6	62
Ohio	1	33	21	501	22	534
Oklahoma			22	339	22	339
Oregon	54	2,739	23	494	77	3,233
Pennsylvania	1	42	24	432	25	474
Rhode Island			2	12	2	12
South Carolina	12	419	10	139	22	558

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
United States and Territories						
South Dakota			9	117	9	117
Tennessee			13	199	13	199
Texas	38	1,134	34	554	72	1,688
Utah	911	67,880			911	67,880
Vermont			2	19	2	19
Virginia	5	271	22	443	27	714
Washington	61	2,947	8	156	69	3,103
West Virginia			10	203	10	203
Wisconsin	3	115	13	168	16	283
Wyoming	52	2,785	16	308	68	3,093
Total United States	2,043	130,642	792	15,165	2,835	145,807
Other Countries						
Argentina			21	424	21	424
Australia			24	531	24	531
Austria			6	127	6	127
Belgium			11	86	11	86
Brazil			15	143	15	143
Canada	57	2,436	67	1,191	124	3,627
Costa Rica			2	15	2	15
Denmark			17	359	17	359
England			71	937	71	937
Finland (1954)			13	168	13	168
France (1954)			14	111	14	111
Germany — East (1954)			95	3,777	95	3,777
Germany — West			65	906	65	906
Guatemala			5	98	5	98
Honduras			1	5	1	5
Ireland			3	51	3	51
Japan			20	245	20	245
Mexico	4	150	56	1,183	60	1,333
Netherlands			22	279	22	279
New Zealand			70	998	70	998
Nicaragua			1	5	1	5
Norway (1954)			13	343	13	343
Panama Canal Zone			2	25	2	25
Puerto Rico			2	17	2	17
Salvador			3	37	3	37
Samoa (1954)			50	686	50	686
Scotland			6	81	6	81
Sweden			41	518	41	518
Switzerland			26	388	26	388
Tahiti			15	170	15	170
Tonga			40	619	40	619
Union of South Africa			15	199	15	199
Uruguay			24	364	24	364
Wales			4	34	4	34
Total Other Countries	61	2,586	840	15,120	901	17,706
GRAND TOTAL	2,104	133,228	1,632	30,285	3,736	163,513

MEETINGS — 1955

176,358 Total Meetings Held in Wards and Branches

120,008 Regular Meetings

	In Stakes	Increase Over 1954	In Missions	Increase or Decrease Over 1954
Theology	16,354	+ 788	13,921	+ 220
Work	23,347	+ 1,263	15,931	— 50
Literature (Optional Lessons in Missions)	15,967	+ 743	10,944	+ 352
Social Science (Optional Lessons in Missions)	13,882	+ 486	9,662	— 159

19,790 Visiting Teacher Meetings

		Increase Over 1954
In Stakes	15,125	+ 760
In Missions	4,665	+ 376

36,560 All Other Meetings

		Increase Over 1954
In Stakes	21,474	+ 1,370
In Missions	15,086	+ 736

ATTENDANCE AT MEETINGS — 1955

Regular Meetings

58,633 or 35.86% Total Average Attendance in 1955
56,166 or 35.93% in 1954

	Average Attendance In Stakes	Attendance In Missions	Total Average Attendance	Increase Over 1954
Theology	51,357	12,389	63,746	+2,316
Work	46,160	11,859	58,019	+3,442
Literature	45,148	11,554	56,702	+2,804
Social Science	43,731	11,014	54,745	+1,180

VISITING TEACHER MEETINGS

33,238 or 50.74% Total Average Attendance in 1955
31,217 or 51.48% in 1954

Average Attendance In Stakes	Attendance In Missions	Total Average Attendance	Increase Over 1954
29,401	3,837	33,238	+2,021

VISITING TEACHER SERVICE

	1955	1954	Increase Over 1954
Total Family Visits	2,797,264	2,634,185	+163,079
Visiting Teachers	65,512	60,639	+ 4,873
Districts	35,045	32,428	+ 2,617
Families Visited			
At Home	1,873,610	1,764,915	+108,695
Not Home	923,654	869,270	+ 54,384

8.35 Av. visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1955
8.27, in 1954

SEWING SERVICE — 1955

	1955	1954	Increase or Decrease Over 1954
Total Articles Completed	313,495	298,005	+15,490
Av. Number of Women Sewing Monthly at Work Meeting	45,888	45,158	+ 730
Kinds of Articles Completed:			
Quilts	18,367	17,165	+ 1,202
Children's Clothing	30,664	29,079	+ 1,585
Women's Clothing	43,644	41,463	+ 2,181
Men's Clothing	2,505	3,057	— 552
Household Furnishings	99,711	93,120	+ 6,591
Miscellaneous Articles	118,604	114,121	+ 4,483

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE — 1955

	1955	1954	Increase or Decrease Over 1954
Visits to Sick and Homebound	247,878	235,457	+12,421
Days Care of Sick	25,510	25,500	+ 10
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	7,168	6,561	+ 607
Dressing for Burial	656	678	— 22

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE — 1955

	1955	1954	Increase or Decrease Over 1954
Average Number of Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	8,268	8,648	— 380
Average Number of Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	2,374	3,178	— 804
Average Number of Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other Than Sewing	18,077	16,243	+1,834

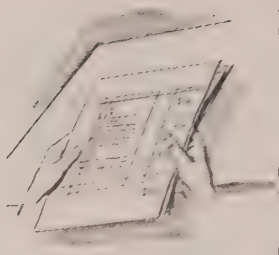
FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE — 1955

	1955	1954	Increase or Decrease Over 1954
Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	11,093	10,983	+ 110
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	27,518	26,874	+ 644
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	2,395	2,299	+ 96
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	2,243	2,246	— 3
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	2,713	2,774	— 61

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements — 1955

Cash Balance on Hand, January 1	$ 1,087,379.38
Receipts	1,668,621.55
	$ 2,756,000.93
Disbursements	1,592,047.01
Cash Balance on Hand, December 31	$ 1,163,953.92



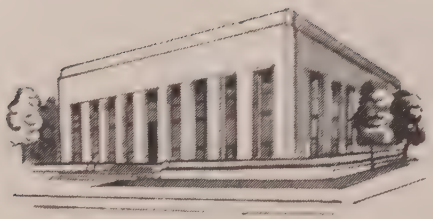
Assets and Liabilities — December 31, 1955

Assets

Cash Balance on Hand, December 31	$ 1,163,953.92
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office	422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings Bonds, etc.)	86,001.27
Real Estate and Buildings	87,963.05
Furniture and Fixtures	814,414.03
Other Assets	170,650.28
Total Assets	$ 2,745,894.77

Liabilities

Accounts Payable	$ 2,605.14
Balance Net Worth	2,743,289.63
Total Liabilities and Net Worth	$ 2,745,894.77



REPORT OF FUNDS FOR NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING 1947 — 1955

Receipts	
Contributions	$ 563,142.98
Interest	20,029.16
Proceeds from Sale of "Wist Ye Not?"	3,594.50
Total Receipts	$ 586,766.64
Disbursements Including Construction Expense	407,072.92
Cash Balance December 31, 1955	$ 179,693.72

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA
1954-1955

	1955 Number or Amount	1954 Number or Amount	Changes 1954 to 1955 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Organizations				
Stakes and Missions, Total	265	258	+ 7	+ 2.71
Stakes	223	216	+ 7	+ 3.24
Missions	42	42	—	—
Local	3,736	3,601	+ 135	+ 3.75
Wards and Branches in Stakes	2,104	2,023	+ 81	+ 4.00
Branches in Missions	1,632	1,578	+ 54	+ 3.42
Membership Total	163,513	156,300	+ 7,213	+ 4.61
Stakes	133,228	127,062	+ 6,166	+ 4.85
Missions	30,285	29,238	+ 1,047	+ 3.58
General Officers and Board Members	26	24	+ 2	+ 8.33
Stake Officers and Board Members	2,579	2,490	+ 89	+ 3.57
Mission Presidents and Other Officers	697	607	+ 90	+14.83
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	13,882	13,524	+ 358	+ 2.65
Other Officers	7,309	7,011	+ 298	+ 4.25
Class Leaders	13,462	12,903	+ 559	+ 4.33
Visiting Teachers	65,512	60,639	+ 4,873	+ 8.04
All Other Members	60,046	59,102	+ 944	+ 1.60
L.D.S. Families—Total	334,906	318,690	+ 16,216	+ 5.09
In Stakes	276,077	264,582	+ 11,495	+ 4.34
In Missions	58,829	54,108	+ 4,721	+ 8.73
Meetings and Attendance				
1. Meetings Held, Total	181,651	174,733	+ 6,918	+ 3.96
General Board Meetings	31	29	+ 2	+ 6.90
Relief Society General Conference	1	1	—	—
Group Stake Conventions	120	112	+ 8	+ 7.14
In Stakes and Missions	5,141	5,118	+ 23	+ .45
Stake and Mission District Board Meetings	2,883	2,791	+ 92	+ 3.30
Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Meetings	2,258	2,327	— 69	— 2.97
In Wards and Branches	176,358	169,473	+ 6,885	+ 4.06
Regular Meetings for Members	120,008	116,365	+ 3,643	+ 3.13
March, November Sundays and Other Special Meetings	12,959	11,518	+ 1,441	+12.51
Visiting Teachers Meetings	19,790	18,654	+ 1,136	+ 6.09
Preparation Meetings	18,496	18,013	+ 483	+ 2.68
Relief Society Conferences	3,192	3,002	+ 190	+ 6.33
R. S. Conf. Preliminary Meetings	1,913	1,921	— 8	— .42

	1955 Number or Amount	1954 Number or Amount	Changes 1954 to 1955 Number or Amount	Per Cent
2. Average Attendance at Regular Meetings for Members	58,633	56,166	+ 2,467	+ 4.39
In Stakes	46,599	44,650	+ 1,949	+ 4.37
In Missions	12,034	11,516	+ 518	+ 4.50
3. Per Cent of Members Represented by Average Attendance at Regular Meetings	35.86%	35.93%		
In Stakes	34.98%	35.14%		
In Missions	39.74%	39.38%		
4. Average Attendance at Visiting Teachers Meetings	33,238	31,217	+ 2,021	+ 6.47
5. Per Cent of Visiting Teachers Represented by Average Attendance	50.74%	51.48%		
Visits by Stake and Mission Officers				
1. To Wards and Branches	24,864	23,411	+ 1,453	+ 6.21
To Wards by Stake Officers	19,309	18,201	+ 1,108	+ 6.09
To Branches by Mission and District Officers	5,555	5,210	+ 345	+ 6.62
Activities				
1. Visiting Teaching:				
Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	35,045	32,428	+ 2,617	+ 8.07
Family Visits — Total	2,797,264	2,634,185	+163,079	+ 6.19
Home	1,873,610	1,764,915	+108,695	+ 6.16
Not Home	923,654	869,270	+ 54,384	+ 6.26
Per Cent at Home	66.98%	67.00%		
Number Communications in Lieu of Visits	42,798	32,910	+ 9,888	+30.05
2. Educational Meetings:				
Average Attendance at Relief Society				
Theology	63,746	61,430	+ 2,316	+ 3.77
Work (Sewing)	58,019	54,577	+ 3,442	+ 6.31
Literature	56,702	53,898	+ 2,804	+ 5.20
Social Science	54,745	53,565	+ 1,180	+ 2.20
3. Sewing Service at Meetings:				
Average Number of Women Sewing Monthly	45,888	45,158	+ 730	+ 1.62
Total Articles Completed	313,495	298,005	+ 15,490	+ 5.20
Kind of Articles:				
Quilts	18,367	17,165	+ 1,202	+ 7.00
Children's Clothing	30,664	29,079	+ 1,585	+ 5.45
Women's Clothing	43,644	41,463	+ 2,181	+ 5.26
Men's Clothing	2,505	3,057	— 552	—18.06
Household Furnishings	99,711	93,120	+ 6,591	+ 7.08
Other (Miscellaneous)	118,604	114,121	+ 4,483	+ 3.93

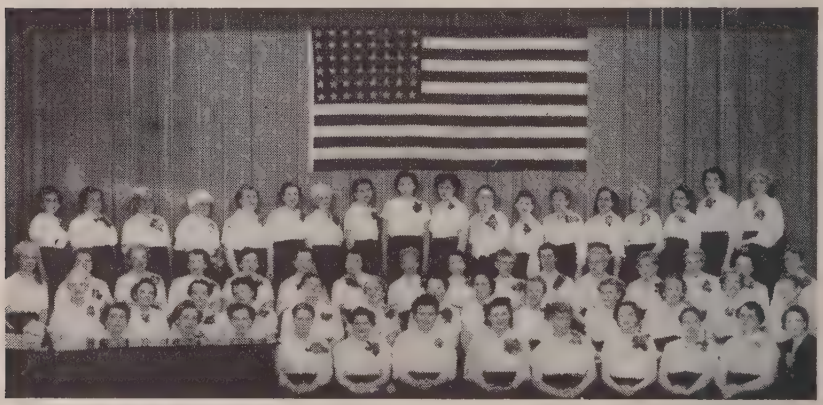
	1955 Number or Amount	1954 Number or Amount	Changes 1954 to 1955 Number or Amount	Per Cent
4. Compassionate Service:				
Visits to Sick and Homebound	247,878	235,457	+ 12,421	+ 5.28
Number Days Care of the Sick	25,510	25,500	+ 10	+ .04
Number of Bodies Dressed for Burial	656	678	— 22	— 3.24
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	7,168	6,561	+ 607	+ 9.25
5. Church Welfare Services:				
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	8,268	8,648	— 380	— 4.39
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	2,374	3,178	— 804	—25.30
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other Than Sewing	18,077	16,243	+ 1,834	+11.29
6. Family Welfare Service:				
Number Initial Visits Under Direction of Bishop	11,093	10,983	+ 110	+ 1.00
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	27,518	26,874	+ 644	+ 2.40
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	2,395	2,299	+ 96	+ 4.18
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	2,243	2,246	— 3	— .13
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	2,713	2,774	— 61	— 2.20
Total Number of Wards and Branches With Lists of Nurses	2,190	2,043	+ 147	+ 7.20
Wards and Branches in Stakes	1,673	1,566	+ 107	+ 6.83
Mission Branches	517	477	+ 40	+ 8.39
Total Number of Wards and Branches Having Singing Mothers Choruses	2,005	1,777	+ 228	+12.83
Wards and Branches in Stakes	1,600	1,430	+ 170	+11.89
Mission Branches	405	347	+ 58	+16.71
Total Approximate Number of Singers	30,983	27,280	+ 3,703	+13.57
Wards and Branches in Stakes	26,683	23,095	+ 3,588	+15.54
Mission Branches	4,300	4,185	+ 115	+ 2.75
Magazine				
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	135,726	128,868½	+6,857½	+ 5.32
Finances				
Cash Receipts	$1,668,621.55	$1,517,003.50	+$151,618.05	+ 9.99
Cash Disbursements	1,592,047.01	1,466,112.69	+ 125,934.32	+ 8.59
Net Assets	2,743,289.63	2,633,414.03	+ 109,875.60	+ 4.17

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

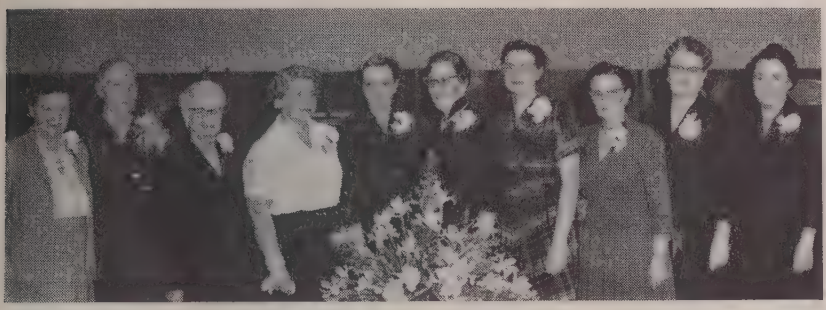


Photograph submitted by Rose B. Astle

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR PATRIOTIC PROGRAM "LAND OF THE FREE," March 16, 1956

Ruth Haycock, the chorister, is seated at the right on the front row, and the organist, Lillian Carsey, is seated next to Sister Haycock.

Rose B. Astle, President, South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, reports the activities of these Singing Mothers: "They furnished music for a patriotic program entitled "Land of the Free," honoring our ward Relief Society officers, *Magazine* representatives, and our elderly people. They also furnished music for our recent stake quarterly conference, and in several of our wards they have sung for sacrament meetings. They will sing for our coming Relief Society convention, where our stake will be host to Inglewood and Los Angeles Stake Relief Societies."



Photograph submitted by Christie H. Haynes

NEVADA STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL HONORS FORMER PRESIDENTS, March 23, 1956

Standing, left to right, former presidents: Mary E. Horlacher; Louisa Johnson; Anna M. Aljets; Erma A. Erickson; Hope G. Broadbent; Lucille Horton; Koa L. Taylor; Marietta T. Call; Sylvia H. Johnson; Christie H. Haynes, present President, Nevada Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elaine B. Curtis

HOLLADAY STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 18, 1956

Seated at the organ, left to right: Wilma B. Bunker, chorister; Maurine W. Keyes, pianist; Theo C. Eves, organist.

Two hundred Singing Mothers presented the music for quarterly conference at the time of the organization of the Holladay Stake. Wood fiber corsages were made by the stake board members and presented to each Singing Mother.

Holladay Stake was formerly part of Cottonwood Stake.

Elaine B. Curtis is president of Holladay Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jenna Vee Hall

GOODING STAKE (IDAHO), JEROME SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 9, 1956

Jenna Vee Hall, President, Gooding Stake Relief Society, reports the success and happiness occasioned by this delightful party: "A turkey dinner was served to 175 members of the ward. The tables were decorated in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold. The centerpiece depicted the various departments of Relief Society by means of dolls carrying articles representative of the different activities. Each separate doll was attached to a center doll by white ribbons. The center doll represented Relief Society, with the motto: 'Charity Never Faileth.' Daffodils in blue vases were also used. Special guests were the Gooding Stake presidency and their wives and the husbands of the stake Relief Society presidency. These guests are seated at the head table. The party created a good feeling among the ward members and the sisters felt that their time was well spent in making preparations for the occasion. Officers of the Jerome Second Ward Relief Society are: Idella Walker, President; Virgie Packer, First Counselor; LaVerl Johnson, Second Counselor; Eva Johnson, Secretary."

Photograph submitted by Fern Horton

SANTAQUIN-TINTIC STAKE (UTAH), EUREKA WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Grace Atherley, work meeting leader; Trina Peterson; Mildred Garrity; Ruby Robinson; Alice Jamison; Elna C. Bird, First Counselor;

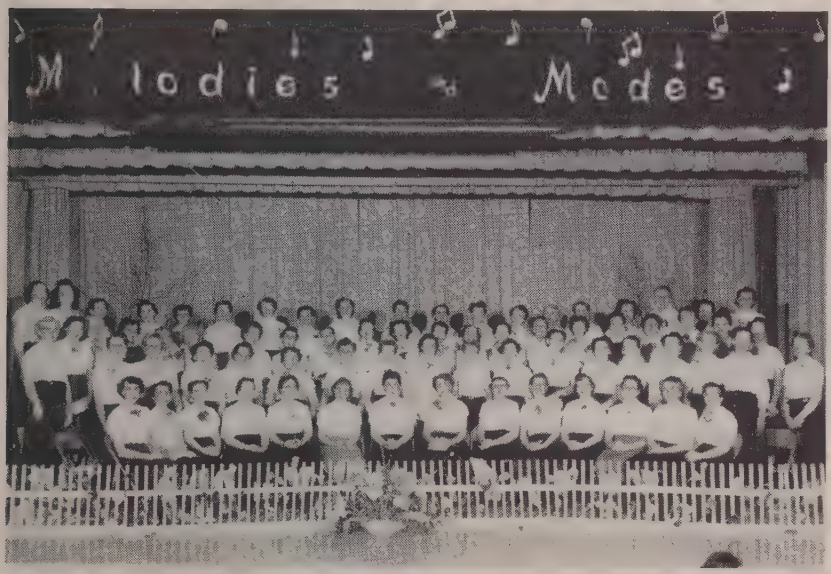
Marene Bird; Ella H. Sandstrom, President; Beatrice Boss, Second Counselor; Ruby Bigler, Secretary-Treasurer; Hilda Webb; Sarah Sanderson.

Second row, standing, left to right: Sylvia Childs; Erma Gourley; Mildred Kay, literature class leader; Janet Lee; Rhoda Bell, visiting teacher message leader; Margaret Brady, program chairman; Grace Chatwin, theology class leader; Ada Cherry; Maude Scofield; Mathena Dalton; Stella Jones; Clara Garbett; Kate Elliott.

Third row, standing, left to right: Pearl Forsey; Elva Webb; Valene Livingston; Kate Ames; Mayme Wirthlin, chorister; Mary Garbett, organist; Celestia Thompson; Nellie Laird; LaRue Fox; Genevieve Sanderson.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Alice Daniels; Delores Robinson, *Magazine* representative; Blanche Beck; Joan Dale, social science class leader; Donna Paxman, bazaar chairman.

Fern Horton is president of Santaquin-Tintic Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ione J. Simpson

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT SPRING CONCERT "MELODIES AND MODES," March 29, 1956

Front row, seated, beginning sixth from the left: Sara Ker, stake organist; Florine Berntson, who acted as pianist for the chorus; Barbara Anderson, stake chorister; Eva Wallace, stake work meeting leader, center, back row

Ione J. Simpson, President, South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports: "Sharing honors with the Singing Mothers were the ward work meeting departments under the able leadership of Eva Wallace. Results of the work of the teachers of ward sewing and tailoring classes were shown as models displayed clothing made for all occasions, the modesty of which lost nothing in style. Tables of articles made in work meetings completed the display."

Photograph submitted by Eugenia N. Logan

OAHU STAKE (HAWAII) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 1956

Eugenia N. Logan, President, Oahu Stake Relief Society, reports that Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve and Sister Kimball attended the conference. Sister Aleine M. Young represented the general board at Relief Society convention. Sister Young stands in center front, back of the rostrum.

Photograph submitted by Leora G. Clawson

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON) BIRTHDAY PARTY AND REUNION March 12, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Mable Arnold; Media Hawkstrasser; Duckie Cornelius; Maurine Linde; Vera Leishman; Leora G. Clawson, President; Birdie Bean; Jennie Kearns; Helen Milligan; Charlotte Holman; Lucy Chabot.

Back row, standing, left to right: Hazel Doble; Pearl Hoyle; Melba Westra; Chelta Brown; Lila Croshaw; Mable Udell, First Counselor; Luella Bean, Second Counselor; Clara Smith, Secretary-Treasurer; Blanch Payne; Ruby Finlayson; Elva Jackson; Leona Torney; Emily Brain.

President Leora G. Clawson reports: "The Seattle Stake Relief Society Board gave a birthday and reunion luncheon March 12, 1956, honoring Jennie Kearns, Maurine Linde, and Clarine Walpole, who were resigning from the board. Special guests were Vera Leishman and Birdie Bean, former presidents of Seattle Stake Relief Society. All those who had served as stake board members since the stake was organized in 1938 were invited to attend. Table decorations were carried out in Relief Society colors, with dolls dressed in costumes of 1842 carrying a copy of *The Times and Seasons*, and dolls in modern dress carrying a copy of *The Relief Society Magazine* dated March 1956."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Audio Visual Aids for 1956-57

Mildred B. Eyring

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE value of teaching aids and the wise use of them should be understood by *all* Relief Society officers and teachers. *To aid* means to help or assist. Any device which does not clarify a lesson or project, attract and hold interest, or assist members in remembering important points, is not really an aid, and should be discarded.

New workers in Relief Society, particularly, should read the articles on Audio-Visual Aids which have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* in recent years: January 1953, page 27; June 1953, page 418; June 1954, page 400; and June 1955, page 403.

The exchange of ideas for teaching aids in stake union meeting is most important. Each ward class leader can give her ideas, and, in turn, will receive many more ideas from the class leaders of the other wards. The stake leader will be there to give her information, wise direction, and counsel to the planning.

In the stake conventions this year many suggestions are being given to stake leaders regarding visual aids for this coming year's work. These will be helpful as will be also the written material which is being left in the stakes.

Theology — "Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon"

1. Blackboard
2. A growing chart
3. A brief review chart is being left with stake leaders in the conventions.
4. Graphic chart of the records kept by Book of Mormon people, *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1951, pp. 476-477.

(Theology leaders might be interested in the comparative chart of events in The Book of Mormon, Bible, and world history given in the August 1955 issue of *The Instructor*, page 256. This issue may be purchased from the Deseret Sunday School Union, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Visiting Teacher Messages "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth"

1. Blackboard or chart giving the quotations from The Book of Mormon.
2. Blackboard or chart giving the objective of the lesson.
3. Blackboard or chart giving the special points to be stressed.

Literature "Shakespeare in Our Lives"

1. Blackboard.
2. Pictures in the text including the plan of a Shakespearean Theater (Text, Plate V).
3. Pictures from the Perry Picture Company, Malden, Massachusetts. (Send fifteen cents for their catalogue direct to the company.)
4. Some of Shakespeare's poems have been given musical settings and are available in sheet music. See June 1956 *Relief Society Magazine*, page 410.

Some songs may be found in old song books. "Who Is Sylvia?" with music by Schubert is familiar to many.

Social Science "Latter-day Saint Family Life"

1. Blackboard.
2. Pictures of the Prophet Joseph Smith, his mother, their homes in Palmyra and Nauvoo, and many others can be obtained from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. The price is 5c each for black and white and 10c each for colored pictures.
3. Pictures and information in *A Centenary of Relief Society*.
4. A comparative chart showing the position of women in 1842 and 1956 is being given to stake leaders in stake conventions.
5. *The History of Joseph Smith by His Mother Lucy Mack Smith* is a reference book for class leaders.
6. Lists of many articles published in *The Relief Society Magazine* are being left with stake leaders in the conventions.

EXECUTIVES, choristers, organists, *Magazine* representatives, and work meeting leaders should also be aware of the value of good visual aids and make use of them in their work.

The executives of stakes and wards are being given suggestions in the conventions for visual aids in publicizing the March and November Fast Sunday night meetings. Visual aids can also be used to improve membership and attendance.

Magazine representatives are urged to make use of attractive posters and charts to stimulate interest in their work.

Work meeting leaders can make their plans known to members by the use of informative, attractive posters.

Music leaders will find material in the text, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall, which can be used as visual aids in their department. Also much of the work in Sister Madsen's lessons in *The Relief Society Magazine*, 1950-51 and 1951-52, can be made more effective by good visual aids devised by stake and ward music leaders.

The general board again urges leaders in all departments to make the best possible use of audio-visual aids in carrying out their various assignments.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 41—Jesus Instructs the Nephites

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi, chapters 15-21)

For Tuesday, October 2, 1956

Objective: To show the great compassion of Jesus toward the Nephites who manifested such great faith in him, and his love for children.

WHEN Jesus appeared to the Nephites, God, the Eternal Father introduced him as his Son ". . . in whom I am well pleased. . ." (3 Nephi 11:7). For the Nephites and for us this reestablishes and reaffirms the divinity of Christ. As a God, not merely as a great moral teacher, he gave to the Nephites the Sermon on the Mount, which we studied last year. In this lesson we turn to other instructions which this divine Being, Christ our Redeemer, gave to the Nephites.

The Law of Moses Superseded

Christ told the Nephites that he had given to ancient Israel the Law of Moses and that now the law was fulfilled. He said, ". . . I have come to fulfil the law; therefore it hath an end" (3 Nephi 15:5). He asked that they live the new law which he had and would give unto them. "Behold," he said, "I am the law, and the light. Look unto me and endure to the end, and ye shall live . . ." (3 Nephi 15:9).

The Sheep of Another Fold

Jesus then told the Nephites that they, and the other lost tribes of Israel, had been separated from those at Jerusalem because of the iniquity that existed among the Jews. He informed them that they were the sheep of another fold that he mentioned to the Jews.

> And verily I say unto you, that ye are they of whom I said: Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd (3 Nephi 15:21).

He further told them that there was still another fold that should hear him (See 3 Nephi 16:1-3); and announced that he was going to visit them. (See 3 Nephi 17:4.) Jesus instructed the Nephites:

> And I command you that ye shall write these sayings after I am gone, that if it so be that my people at Jerusalem, they who have seen me and been with me in my ministry, do not ask the Father in my name, that they may receive a knowledge of you by the Holy Ghost, and also of the other tribes whom they know not of, that these sayings which ye shall write shall be kept and shall be manifested unto the Gentiles, that through the fulness of the Gentiles, the remnant of their seed, who shall be scattered forth upon the face of the earth because of their unbelief, may be brought in, or may be brought to a knowledge of me, their Redeemer.
>
> And then will I gather them in from the four quarters of the earth; and then

will I fulfill the covenant which the Father hath made unto all the people of the house of Israel.

And blessed are the Gentiles, because of their belief in me, in and of the Holy Ghost, which witnesses unto them of me and of the Father.

Behold, because of their belief in me, saith the Father, and because of the unbelief of you, O house of Israel, in the latter day shall the truth come unto the Gentiles, that the fulness of these things shall be made known unto them (3 Nephi 16:4-7).

Jesus also said that the land was given to the Nephites, the seed of Joseph, for their inheritance:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, thus hath the Father commanded me — that I should give unto this people this land for their inheritance (3 Nephi 16:16).

The Savior then perceived that the people were weak and could not understand all the words which the Father had commanded him to speak to them at that time, so he counseled them to go to their homes and ". . . ponder upon the things which I have said, and ask of the Father, in my name, that ye may understand . . ." (3 Nephi 17:3).

Jesus then said he must go to his Father and also to show himself to the lost tribes of Israel, but as he looked at the multitude, he saw they were in tears and their eyes seemed to implore him to stay with them a little longer.

Healing of the Sick

The Savior spoke, ". . . Behold, my bowels are filled with compassion towards you" (3 Nephi 17:6), and he instructed them to bring any sick, lame, blind, halt, maimed, or otherwise afflicted to him.

And it came to pass that when he had thus spoken, all the multitude, with one accord, did go forth with their sick and their afflicted, and their lame, and with their blind, and with their dumb, and with all them that were afflicted in any manner and he did heal them every one as they were brought forth unto him.

And they did all, both they who had been healed and they who were whole, bow down at his feet, and did worship him; and as many as could come for the multitude did kiss his feet, insomuch that they did bathe his feet with their tears (3 Nephi 17:9-10).

Jesus then commanded them to bring their little children. He stood in the midst of them and commanded the multitude to kneel and he prayed mightily to the Father:

. . . and the things which he prayed cannot be written, and the multitude did bear record who heard him.

And after this manner do they bear record: The eye hath never seen, neither hath the ear heard, before, so great and marvelous things as we saw and heard Jesus speak unto the Father;

And no tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man, neither can the hearts of men conceive so great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard Jesus speak; and no one can conceive of the joy which filled our souls at the time we heard him pray for us unto the Father (3 Nephi 17:15-17).

Blessing Little Children

The two thousand five hundred people who were assembled were overjoyed. When Jesus witnessed their great faith he told them his joy was full. As he spoke to them he wept, and ". . . took their little children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed unto the Father for them. And when he had done

this he wept again" (3 Nephi 17:21-22). The Savior then asked the multitude to look at their little ones, and, as they looked, angels came down, and encircled the little children, and ministered unto them.

Institution of Sacrament

Jesus instituted the ordinance of the sacrament among the Nephites. The disciples were told that they must partake of the sacrament in remembrance of Christ's body and blood that it should be a testimony unto the Father that they would always remember him. They were promised that if they would do this, his spirit would always be with them, and that it would show their willingness to do that which Jesus had commanded them.

Jesus instructed the Nephites to pray always, saying:

> . . . ye must watch and pray always lest ye enter into temptation for Satan desireth to have you, that he may sift you as wheat (3 Nephi 18:18).

> And as I have prayed among you even so shall ye pray in my church, among my people who do repent, and are baptized in my name. Behold I am the light; I have set an example for you (3 Nephi 18:16).

He instructed the disciples further that if a man is unworthy to partake of the sacrament he should be forbidden. However, he should not be cast out from among them, but be ministered to by them and be prayed for. Then, if he repents and is baptized, he should be received by them and be given the sacrament. If a man would not repent they were still to continue to minister to him in case he might return and repent. Which, if he did, and came to the Savior with full purpose of heart, the Savior would heal him and the people would be the means of bringing salvation to him. (See 3 Nephi 18:28-32.)

Jesus then ". . . touched with his hand . . ." (3 Nephi 18:36) the twelve disciples, giving them power to bestow the Holy Ghost. He then departed from them and ascended into heaven.

Bestowal of Holy Ghost

Word soon spread among the people that Jesus would appear on the next day. On that day, the twelve disciples appeared before the assembled group. The assembly was so large that it was divided into twelve groups, over each one of which a disciple presided. The disciples prayed that the Holy Ghost should be given unto them. ". . . Nephi went down into the water and was baptized . . . . And he baptized all those whom Jesus had chosen" (3 Nephi 19:11-12). When they came up out of the water ". . . the Holy Ghost did fall upon them . . ." (3 Nephi 19:13). Angels came down and ministered to the disciples. While this was taking place ". . . Jesus came and stood in the midst and ministered unto them" (3 Nephi 19:15).

Jesus went a short distance and prayed as follows:

> Father, I thank thee that thou hast given the Holy Ghost unto these whom I have chosen; and it is because of their belief in me that I have chosen them out of the world.

> Father, I pray thee that thou wilt give the Holy Ghost unto all them that shall believe in their words,

Father, thou hast given them the Holy Ghost because they believe in me; and thou seest that they believe in me because thou hearest them, and they pray unto me; and they pray unto me because I am with them.

And now Father, I pray unto thee for them, and also for all those who shall believe on their words, that they may believe in me, that I may be in them as thou, Father, art in me, that we may be one (3 Nephi 19:20-23).

After Jesus had finished praying, he commended the disciples on their faith, saying:

. . . So great faith have I never seen among all the Jews; wherefore I could not show unto them so great miracles, because of their unbelief.

. . . there are none of them that have seen so great things as ye have seen; neither have they heard so great things as ye have heard (3 Nephi 19:35-36).

Jesus then commanded the multitude and the disciples to arise and cease praying, but he admonished them to pray always in their hearts.

Jesus miraculously provided the sacrament and:

. . . he brake bread again and blessed it, and gave to the disciples to eat.

And when they had eaten he commanded them that they should break bread, and give unto the multitude . . . he also gave them wine to drink . . . (3 Nephi 20:3-5).

The Gospel in the Latter Days

The Savior advised the Nephites that in the latter days the gospel should be preached to the Jews and that they would accept it. "Then," he said, "will the Father gather them together again, and give unto them Jerusalem for the land of their inheritance" (3 Nephi 20:33).

That the people of the latter days might be fully aware of the time when these events would occur, Jesus gave the Nephites the sign of the Father's work. ". . . this is the thing which I will give unto you for a sign," he said, "for verily I say unto you that when these things which I declare unto you, and which I shall declare unto you hereafter of myself, and by the power of the Holy Ghost which shall be given unto you of the Father, shall be made known unto the Gentiles that they may know concerning . . . this my people who shall be scattered by them . . . it shall be a sign unto them, that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel" (3 Nephi 21:2, 7).

Jesus further told the Nephites that a great work should be accomplished at that time and that there would be many who would not believe it ". . . although a man shall declare it unto them" (3 Nephi 21:9).

Concerning the Gentiles in that day, Jesus said: "Yea, wo be unto the Gentiles except they repent . . ." (3 Nephi 21:14). On the other hand, he pointed out, if they would repent and ". . . hearken unto my words . . ." he would establish his church among them:

. . . and they shall come in unto the covenant and be numbered among this the remnant of Jacob, unto whom I have given this land for their inheritance (3 Nephi 21:22).

Jesus was deeply concerned over the Gentiles and the Jews of the last days when the record of the Ne-

phites should come forth amongst them. He stressed the importance of the sacrament in the lives of the Nephites, informing them that it would help them to remember him, that it would be a witness unto the Father that they did remember him. He also was grateful unto his Father that the disciples had been given the Holy Ghost as a companion. The Savior's emphasis upon the sacrament and upon the bestowal of the Holy Ghost, indicates the great importance of these ordinances. Sometimes, however, partaking of the sacrament becomes so routine in our lives that we do not derive the full benefit from it. Only as we live worthily and meditate upon the meaning of the sacrifice of the Savior and the covenants we take, can we get the full blessing that accompanies proper participation. After we have been baptized and confirmed and have received the Holy Ghost, we must continue to be faithful, to live the gospel, if we are to have the Holy Ghost and its influence to direct our lives.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What miracles did Jesus perform among the Nephites?
2. What did Jesus say about the latter-day Gentiles?
3. What did he say about the latter-day Jews?
4. Discuss the importance of the ordinance of the sacrament.
5. Discuss the significance and blessings attached to the bestowal of the Holy Ghost.

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 41—"Yea, Wo Unto Him That Shall Deny the Revelations of the Lord and That Shall Say the Lord No Longer Worketh by Revelation . . ." (3 Nephi 29:6).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 2, 1956

Objective: To show that faith in continuous revelation is essential to a testimony of the truth of the gospel.

CONTINUOUS revelation is the foundation stone upon which The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is built. It was also by means of this principle that the Church was restored in these latter days. When the Father and the Son appeared to Joseph Smith in 1820 that principle was reaffirmed in modern times.

Many people discount divine revelation entirely, saying such belief is purely mythical, that the scriptures are only unproved tradition. Others say that revelation is no longer necessary, that God gave all the instructions needed for the welfare of mankind, in ancient days. But Latter-day Saints ". . . believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great

and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God" (9th Article of Faith).

There are certain fundamental principles and commandments in the scriptures which apply to all ages. Other revelations may apply only to particular circumstances. It was necessary, for example, for the Lord to instruct Moses day by day, in the flight of the children of Israel from Egypt. The resurrected Christ told the Nephites:

> Behold, I say unto you that the law is fulfilled that was given unto Moses.
>
> Behold, I am he that gave the law, and I am he who covenanted with my people Israel; therefore, the law in me is fulfilled, for I have come to fulfil the law; therefore it hath an end (3 Nephi 15:4-5).

Brigham Young was given revelation concerning the westward march of the saints to the Rocky Mountains, etc. Guidance is definitely needed from God in all ages and for different circumstances.

It would seem inconsistent for anyone who believes in the Bible to reject the principle of continuous revelation, for surely a just and loving God, who is "the same yesterday, today and forever" would not reveal his will to Noah, to Abraham, to Moses and others, yet leave later generations without contact.

Many people inquire, "Do the Authorities of the Church receive revelations today?" Certainly they do. Revelations are received currently for the welfare of the Church as a whole. Because they do not appear in book form as do those in the Doctrine and Covenants, for example, does not mean they are any less important or authoritative.

In a recent address on the subject of revelation President Stephen L Richards stated:

> . . . The secret of life is to build on the old, the tried and the true . . . . Now revelation is the foundation. I know of nothing else so solid and dependable . . . . Revelation has generally come to us through the prophets, although the greatest and most important of all revelation came directly from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Eternal God . . . . Modern day scripture or revelation has the same validity with even more direct proof of authenticity than does ancient scripture. Both emanate from the same source . . . . We know the right through revelation . . . So, my brethren and sisters, learn the revelations and live by them. They are true . . . (*Deseret News*, Church Section, July 2, 1955, pp. 2-3).

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 1—Lunches and Sandwiches

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, October 9, 1956

WHEN one meal a day must be carried to work in a lunch box, the homemaker has a real challenge to meet, for into that lunch box must go foods that will provide a fair share of the day's needs and be so inviting, satisfying, and healthful, that the worker or

school child will keep physically and mentally fit.

Whatever the packed lunch lacks in providing a third of the day's nutritional needs should be met in the other two meals. With the use of thermos jars, in which can be carried warm soups, stews, or other main dish foods or refrigerator-chilled beverages, the task of preparing a tasty and well-balanced packed lunch meal is greatly simplified.

With the improved food wrappings one is now able to include in the packed lunch crisp strips of salad-type vegetables, with the assurance that they will stay refrigerator crisp until eaten. Glass jars or colorful plastic containers with tight-fitting lids—in which can be carried well-chilled fruit, baked custard, or other desserts, are a further help in giving the meals you pack, the same high rating as your other meals.

Because sandwiches are so often a mainstay in the lunch box, it is especially important that they be prepared with care, imagination, and a thought of what they will taste like three to five hours after they are prepared.

The imaginative sandwich maker today keeps her sandwiches right at the top in appetite appeal. In addition to enriched white and whole wheat, she also uses raisin, bran, French, rye, and nut breads for variety. She uses a wide variety of sandwich fillings and tries always to include two different kinds of sandwiches in each lunch box meal.

She combines ingredients for sandwich fillings with a thought for contrast in flavor, color, and texture. Bland fillings are sharpened with lemon, custard, ketchup, sauces, and pickles. Crunchiness is added by crisp bacon, nuts, cucumber, celery, carrots, or shredded cabbage. Fillings which lack color are enlivened with chopped pickle, pimiento, olives, sweet peppers, or parsley.

The skilled sandwich maker creams, but never melts, the butter she uses; then spreads it out to the very edges of both slices. She is generous with sandwich fillings, making them as thick as one slice of bread. Each sandwich is neatly and securely wrapped to prevent drying out of the bread. She wraps clean, crisp lettuce leaves in waxed paper to be added to the sandwich just before it is eaten.

She includes in every lunch an element of surprise — some fresh fruit, a piece of favorite cake, candy, cookies, or other dessert.

In many instances, the home freezer is the sandwich maker's best friend. A variety of sandwiches can be prepared and kept in the freezer for two or three weeks, but no longer. Frozen sandwiches wrapped two to a package in moisture-vapor proof wrappings, not waxed paper, thaw in about three hours and are still refrigerator cool. They should be eaten soon after thawing, however, since frozen food deteriorates quickly after thawing.

Whether the packed lunch is to serve as a main meal for a working man, for a school child, or for a dainty refreshment at a social function, it deserves all the care and interest you can give it both for your sake and the one who will eat it.

Note: See "Sandwiches," by Rhea H. Gardner, page 456, in this issue of the *Magazine* and "Packed Lunch Suggestions," by Hazel Stevens, *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1952, page 669.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 1—Why Shakespeare?

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948)

For Tuesday, October 16, 1956

Objective: To understand the reasons for Shakespeare's greatness and appreciate his contribution to our lives.

> . . . Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not . . . .
>
> *Measure for Measure*, I. 1.30-36

WERE English literature to be compared to the universe, Shakespeare would be the sun, about which all others circle to feel the warming influence of its outstanding glow. To bask in Shakespeare's life-giving zest and gusto, to be quickened by the sheer cleanness and precision of his words, to be awed by his wisdom and justice as he shares with us his probings deep into the human heart and the mysteries of mortality — in these realms of highest adventure Shakespeare is our supreme guide and spokesman, and has been for centuries. Time has proved him moral and true; his virtues reveal him as brilliant and just; his selfless humility proclaims him worthy of the sustained love of mankind. None of our writers has received more love or deserved more, than he.

Love cannot be commanded or forced, it must be earned, usually by giving oneself to others. Shakespeare has given himself to others so abundantly that rarely are we fully aware of our debt. For centuries he has been the most widely quoted man in our culture, surpassed only by the Bible. Actually he constantly places more words in our mouths than any of us realize.

"Brevity is the soul of wit" (to quote Shakespeare), and well-turned phrases are so rare because so few mortals have ever been able to put the nub of the matter into a few memorable words. Best proof that Shakespeare is the master phrasemaker of the language is to cite a few of his contributions to our everyday language which after centuries still survive. For how many of the following have you ever expressed gratitude to Shakespeare?

There's something in the wind (Comedy of Errors); play fast and loose, out of the question (Love's Labour's Lost); single blessedness, the course of true love never runs smooth (Midsummer Night's Dream); halcyon days (I Henry VI); paint the lily, elbow room, cold comfort (King John); what's in a name? a fool's paradise (Romeo and Juliet); my own flesh and blood, it's a wise father that knows

his own child (Merchant of Venice); merry as the day is long (Much Ado About Nothing); too much of a good thing (As You Like It); he has eaten me out of house and home (II Henry IV); give the devil his due, tell the truth and shame the devil, hearts of gold, the better part of valor is discretion (I Henry IV); wear my heart on my sleeve, a green-eyed monster, a foregone conclusion, who steals my purse steals trash, loved not wisely but too well, the seamy side of life (Othello); a lean and hungry look, an itching palm, it was Greek to me, a dish fit for the gods (Julius Caesar); flaming youth, in my mind's eye, the glass of fashion, as easy as lying, cudgel thy brains, the primrose path, it smells to heaven, something rotten in Denmark, method in his madness, every dog will have his day (Hamlet); every inch a king, the wheel is come full circle, more sinned against than sinning (King Lear).

Merely because these now common expressions are Shakespeare's is not to justify them. Instead let us say that, while all of us use them today, essentially they are his, and are included here solely to illustrate the fecundity of his verbal powers. Actually we should ignore these "old saws" and invent our own. Would that we could! Would we were Shakespeare!

Attempts to Know Shakespeare

From 1623, when the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays appeared, up to the present, at least 120 men have dedicated their mature years to editing Shakespeare's works, criticizing the texts, relating his plays to their sources, determining the order in which the plays were written, etc. The first Shakespeare societies appeared early in the nineteenth century; today they are everywhere. Special Shakespeare collections are prized possessions of the wealthiest, largest libraries in England and the United States; in the United States, the largest and most famous is the Folger Library in Washington, D.C., an entire institution dedicated to Shakespearean scholarship. So thoroughly has Shakespeare been counted, compared, explained, analyzed, paraphrased, quoted, searched by X-ray and ultraviolet light that no one can doubt his greatness, since he has survived this deluge triumphant. When many of our best minds for centuries have dedicated their lives to him, what remains for us to do or claim to do? J. W. Mackail gives us the only sane and true answer:

> The best approach to Shakespeare is to read him . . . . It is easy, and common, to read too much about him (*Approach to Shakespeare*, page 5).

To be known, then, Shakespeare must be read and heard. Yes, we possess him in some degree, since it is impossible for a literate, attentive person in our society to escape hearing him being constantly quoted. We have studied him at school in our youth, and, occasionally, we may have read him for our own pleasure during maturity. All members of our western culture beyond early childhood *know of* Shakespeare, in varying degree; not quite as many *know* him. Many of us feel that we would like to know him "if we just had the time." On a more mature level, let us grant the fact that all of us have time for what we most enjoy. Inasmuch as we now have time to enjoy Shakespeare — the next two years of the literature lessons have been dedicated to introducing him — our immediate challenge is to convince ourselves

that he yields a rich enjoyment which eminently deserves our attention, our effort, and, most precious, our time. The more we read Shakespeare the more each of us, no matter who we are or whatever our background, must come to realize that in every page of Shakespeare there is joy and truth and insight which will immediately enrich our day-to-day existence, if only we will be among those who will give him ear. If we will each day share with ourselves and our families only one or two of his great thoughts or piercing insights into human frailty, then we will understand as never before why his audience constantly increases in size and loyalty.

Why Study Shakespeare?

One reason may be that time has proved his greatness, has proved his visions and values to be true. If we study him as the greatest dramatist, because some of our greatest critics have so proclaimed, we know we shall not be wasting our precious time and effort. But, valid and popular as this approach may be, in part it robs us of the privilege and pain of making our own judgments.

Let us ask ourselves the following questions: Why have millions of people read Shakespeare of their own choice, and attended his plays? How has he fed the timeless, basic hungers of multitudes of people, from all walks of life? How can anything more than three hundred years old be considered great in our modern, scientific, efficient world?

Word Magic

As we have already seen, Shakespeare's words give such pleasure that many of his phrases have become part of our living language. The longer we read him the more we marvel at the aptness and cunning of his words. The fecundity of his imagination seems inexhaustible. Sometimes we even come to feel that his ability to portray a soul, or catch an essence of place or mood solely through words reveals almost supernatural powers. To witness such word dexterity makes us more humbly aware of man's infinite though mortal capabilities.

As an example, consider his effortless skill in using the commonest household incidents to reveal the deeper, hidden truths within us which are often felt but seldom expressed. How very apt is his comparing the spilling of concealed guilt with one's attempt to carry a pan brimful:

> So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
> It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
> *Hamlet*, IV. 5.19

Such a comparison provokes us into deep thought, itself its own delight, since it frees us from our constant, exclusive concern with the surface trivia of life.

If he wishes us to experience the turmoil of human suffering, his words bring us the aged King Lear wandering afield during storm, nearly grief-crazed over the treachery and selfishness of his daughter:

> . . . tears his white hair,
> Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
> Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
> Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
> The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
> *King Lear* III. 7-11

In other passages Shakespeare is less violent, really gentle and warm,

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON — THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE

when it suits his purpose to be so. For example, to be ". . . as vigilant as a cat to steal cream" (*I Henry IV*, IV.2.65) brings almost a smile to our faces. Since a cat has no moral standards, Shakespeare reminds us pertinently of this part of the cat's basic nature, while vigilance is a qualifying word of sufficient mildness to merit so warm and domestic a comparison.

Self-Revelation

One of Shakespeare's most substantial rewards is that, more forcefully and intensely than any other writer, he reveals us to ourselves; he "holds the mirror up to nature" and helps us see ourselves as we really are. This he can do because he "has the most comprehensive soul," the most searching eye, the sharpest pen. Although he does not provide all the answers, he uses the method of poetry and art — intuition, insight, metaphor, rhythm, subtlety — to help us see *all* things as they really are. Probably his supreme gift is his intense zest for life, possible only if preceded by a probing, recording curiosity about everything in life: nature, society, ourselves, our God. Because Shakespeare felt this straining tug of his own monstrous curiosity and obeyed it, he feels and thus soothes our own. Seeing truth in his created world, we can then better see it revealed in ourselves. As William Hazlitt has observed:

> Every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself . . . . His characters are real beings of flesh and blood . . .

How well indeed we come to

know more of ourselves from the following random quotes:

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Romeo and Juliet, II.2

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! . . .
King Lear, I, 4

That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
Richard II, 1, 2

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
Henry VI, III, I

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Macbeth, II, 2

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
Hamlet, III, 1

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.
King Lear, III, 4

. . . No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters . . . .
Cymbeline, III, 4

True Morality

How beautifully reassuring it is that our heritage has chosen for its supreme spokesman William Shakespeare, a man so intelligent and sensitive, so aware of every phase of humankind, so unbiased and sympathetic in his depiction of things as they are, so strong and gentle and wholesome, in a word, so comprehensive and universal.

How many other candidates we have had for the office of Greatest English Poet, writers sometimes partially blind to the goodness of man and nature, writers calloused by cynicism and despair, or writers who refuse to face life's great spiritual and moral problems but would rather escape in glib shallowness or frivolity or sensation! For how many have illicit love and adultery been cause for jest; how many have seen cruelty and pride and hypocrisy and yielding to animal desire and faithless self-interest, as the inevitable state of man. But Shakespeare is none of these.

As Coleridge has seen in all his wisdom:

> Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries . . . no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest; or clothe impurity in the garb of virtue.

Shakespeare's characters depict the basic truths of mortality and immortality in and of themselves, without seeming to be pious, sanctimonious, or "preachy." His truths never seem "tacked-on," or sugar-coated moralizing pills slipped down our throats when he has popped our mouths open; instead, his truths are the very essence of things as they are. Because he is excited by *all* phases of life, he discusses everything, and holds nothing back. Because he has vowed to hold the mirror up to all of nature he presents every human evil and weakness, but his greatness is that, without posting little moralizing signposts (which would weaken and mar his larger effect), he subtly suggests to us that what he speaks of as evil *is* evil. For example, when anyone mentions the word *luxury* but leaves

it untagged, without any slanting adjectives, how are we to know whether that person regards luxury as good or bad? But when Shakespeare personifies luxury as "the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger" (*Troilus and Cressida*, V.2.55), it is difficult for us to refrain from identifying so vigorous an image not only with the immediate character who speaks it, but with Shakespeare's own opinion. To define this as his over-all attitude toward luxury seems further justified when we find him speaking elsewhere of luxury in similar tone; for example, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff is caught and chided by the fairies in his attempt to steal a man's wife:

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher . . . .
V.5.97-102

Again, after reading the following (II.3.153-171) on pride, a revealing aside from *Troilus and Cressida*, how much more subtle and personal does Shakespeare make pride than if he had merely tacked on the wall such a proverb as, "Pride goeth before destruction," a widespread custom in Elizabethan homes. Ajax and Agamemnon have been lamenting Achilles' pride. Note particularly the cunning Shakespeare employs to tell us that Ajax is a proud man, and about as awkward in self-analysis as the rest of us. Speaking of Achilles, Ajax says, "Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?"

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe this thought and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax. You are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nestor. (aside) And yet he loves himself. Is it not strange?

How superbly Shakespeare's tone herein accomplishes what might well have been his two objectives: first, to give a body or form to his own emotional attitude toward pride; and second, by Ajax's smugness ("How doth pride grow?") and by Ajax's own vigorous image of pride ("as I hate the engendering of toads") to illustrate in Ajax the very quality which he condemns. Shakespeare subtly forces us to realize that pride is not a vice which occurs only in others. He does not strongly denounce it in Ajax, as Ajax resembles the rest of us. And Shakespeare seems to say, "Inasmuch as we are all in this business of life together, let us then act as brothers, and tolerate each other in our human weaknesses."

Shakespeare has been many things to many peoples; so he must be to each of us. But whatever else he may or may not be, *read him*, that he may then be allowed to remind you that all men become brothers when, in compassion, they share

the great binding experiences of life: pain, sorrow, laughter, death. It is in these tender times that all men shrug off their surface badges of distinction and understand one another, and this great unifying truth does not come to an end with the termination of either mortality or death.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Has Shakespeare endured time's onslaughts because he is true or because he is popular? Discuss.
2. How does Shakespeare treat evil?
3. Why does Shakespeare deserve a constant rereading?
4. Should the purpose of a writer be to "hold the mirror up to nature" or should he select and omit, to make the mirror reflect only the lovely in life?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 1—Joseph Smith's Early Home Life

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, October 23, 1956

Objective: To show the influence of the Prophet's early family life upon his teachings to the Latter-day Saint women.

JOSEPH Smith established a pattern, both of opportunity and of obligation, for Latter-day Saint women which has been followed and built upon by the succeeding Presidents of the Church. His teachings regarding Latter-day Saint women came as inspiration from the Lord, after long years of preparation for his calling. The Prophet's early family life undoubtedly played a most important role in influencing this preparation. In the life of the Prophet's mother we find exemplified the virtues which should characterize a true Latter-day Saint. A glimpse into the Smith household will help us to appreciate more fully the development of the Prophet's lofty concepts regarding woman's sphere, which are to be discussed in the lessons to follow.

Family Background

Joseph Smith, Jr. was born the fourth child in a family of eleven. His parents, Joseph Smith, Sr. and Lucy Mack Smith, descended from substantial New England stock, the Smiths having been "honorable farmers" and the Macks "industrious land owners." His parents were chosen to fill very important missions in helping to establish the Church in this dispensation.

The parents were well-to-do at the time of their marriage, and for a few years following, but, because of the fraud of a trusted agent, a large indebtedness was imposed upon them, which not only wiped out their entire holdings but burdened them for many years to come.[1] A series of misfortunes followed. The story of how this family moved from place to place overcoming adversity and wrestling with poverty, is one of hard work, sacrifice, re-

[1]All references in this lesson, unless otherwise noted, are from the mother of the Prophet Joseph. See *History of Joseph Smith By His Mother, Lucy Mack Smith*, as edited by Preston Nibley.

sourcefulness, courage, and great faith. Through it all, the parents seemed sustained by a deep spirituality and absolute trust in God which had characterized their families for generations and which were readily absorbed by their children.

Their trials and hardships resulted in even greater humility, strength of character, and family solidarity than they had heretofore known. The Smith children learned at an early age to be industrious and dutiful, sharing alongside their parents the responsibilities of their pioneer life. In this superior home Christian virtues were taught and practiced. Family prayer, Bible reading, and thoughtful meditation by the fireside were the order of the day. Kindness and consideration were their watchwords. The parents instructed the children in reading and writing, since they "had, in great measure, been debarred from the privilege of schools."

So impressive were their evening family gatherings, that on many occasions neighbors joined to partake of their spirit. On one of these evenings, soon after the family began singing, a couple of little boys came in, and one of them stepped up to Samuel and whispered, "Mr. Smith, won't you pray pretty soon? Our mother said we must be home by eight o'clock, and we would like to hear you pray before we go" (*Ibid.*, page 189).

Often repeated in the family circle were the prophetic declarations made by members of both the Smith and the Mack families prior to this time, which were to be fulfilled by the Prophet's mission. Lucy Mack's brother, Jason Mack, had believed:

> . . . that by prayer and faith the gifts of the gospel, which were enjoyed by the ancient disciples of Christ, might be attained . . . . He was also of the opinion that God would, at some subsequent period, manifest His Power as He had anciently done—in signs and wonders (*Ibid.*, page 9).

One of the Smith ancestors had been impressed to say that a Prophet would be raised up within the family to perform a great work on the earth. The familiar accounts of other spiritual manifestations to family members combined to produce a spiritual sensitiveness and belief in divine power, which were undoubtedly a preparation for the family's acceptance of the Prophet's mission.

Family Acceptance of the Prophet's Message

The assurance that his father would accept his story was given Joseph by the Angel Moroni on the morning of September 22, 1823. This was the morning after the angel appeared to the Prophet in his bedroom to instruct him regarding the sacred record he was to translate. He was sent from the field by his father when he seemed ill. As he went home, the angel appeared and asked him why he had not told his father that which he had been commanded to tell. Joseph replied: "I was afraid my father would not believe me." The angel answered, "He will believe every word you say to him." And, just as the angel had predicted, his father not only believed him, but charged him to follow every instruction given him by Moroni (*Ibid.*, page 79. See also Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 2:29-50).

The interest of parents in the

worthy activities of their children and faith in their accomplishments are real factors in attainment. The support of the Prophet by his parents, and by his brothers and sisters, stimulated him in his calling. The entire family openly received Joseph's message. In fact, they were so eager to hear more that the eldest son, Alvin, who always exhibited great anxiety over the plates, suggested they arise early, complete their work, and leave time for long evenings to listen to Joseph. The Prophet confided what he had been permitted to reveal, cautioning them to keep his words within the family circle.

The Prophet's mother beautifully describes the family during the days which followed:

> From this time forth, Joseph continued to receive instructions from the Lord, and we continued to get the children together every evening for the purpose of listening while he gave us a relation of the same. I presume our family presented an aspect as singular as any that ever lived upon the face of the earth—all seated in a circle, father, mother, sons and daughters, and giving the most profound attention to a boy, eighteen years of age, who had never read the Bible through in his life: he seemed much less inclined to the perusal of books than any of the rest of our children, but far more given to meditation and deep study.
>
> We were now confirmed in the opinion that God was about to bring to light something upon which we could stay our minds, or that would give us a more perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation and the redemption of the human family. This caused us greatly to rejoice, the sweetest union and happiness pervaded our house, and tranquility reigned in our midst.
>
> During our evening conversations, Joseph would occasionally give us some of the most amusing recitals that could be imagined. He would describe the ancient inhabitants of this continent, their dress, mode of traveling, and the animals upon which they rode; their cities, their buildings, with every particular; their mode of warfare; and also their religious worship. This he would do with as much ease, seemingly, as if he had spent his whole life among them (*Ibid.*, pp. 82-83).

Prophet's Dependence Upon His Parents

Each child derives great strength, ability, and character from the love, advice, and close association of his parents. The Prophet Joseph Smith was no exception. He leaned heavily on the support and counsel of his parents, both before and after the organization of the Church. The bond of affection between them grew stronger as they shared the many responsibilities involved in his mission. One instance is cited to indicate that Joseph desired to include them in his joys as well as his anxieties. Upon completion of the translation of The Book of Mormon, Joseph asked his parents to join him at the Whitmer home. The evening was spent in reading the manuscript, and the following morning "after attending to the usual services, namely, reading, singing and praying," Joseph and Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, went to a nearby grove to engage in prayer, after which they were shown the plates by an angel. (See *D. H. C.* I, pp. 52-57.) When Joseph returned to the house, he threw himself down beside his mother and exclaimed:

> Father, mother, you do not know how happy I am: the Lord has now caused the plates to be shown to three more besides myself. They have seen an angel, who has testified to them, and they will have to bear witness to the truth of what

I have said, for now they know for themselves, that I do not go about to deceive the people, and I feel as if I was relieved of a burden which was almost too heavy for me to bear, and it rejoices my soul, that I am not any longer to be entirely alone in the world (*History of Joseph Smith By His Mother, Lucy Mack Smith*, page 152).

The Prophet always showed deep gratitude for the influence of his parents. This is shown by the following entry in his Annals made in October 1835, when the Prophet visited his father for several days, attending to him during an illness:

Waited on my father again . . . all this day with my heart raised to God in the name of Jesus Christ, that He would restore him to health, that I might be blessed with his company and advice, esteeming it one of the greatest earthly blessings to be blessed with the society of parents, whose mature years and experience render them capable of administering the most wholesome advice . . . . We called on the Lord in mighty prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, and laid our hands on him and rebuked the disease. And God heard and answered our prayers — to the great joy and satisfaction of our souls. Our aged father arose and dressed himself, shouted, and praised the Lord (*D. H. C.* II, page 289).

"Mother Smith"

There were many sterling qualities in Lucy Mack Smith which endeared her to her family and the people about her. She was by nature refined, cultured, and dignified. She was kind and courteous, and, because of her sympathetic understanding, she was of great comfort as she ministered among the sick and distressed. The Prophet had ample opportunity to see her strong leadership in action, first in the home, then in the community, and afterwards among the women of the Church, and must have felt the need for others to emulate her spirit of service and her deep spirituality.

Her life was not an easy one, but at no time did she question the hand of the Lord. In fact, she seemed to have a talent for turning adversity into a blessing. At one time the entire family, except the parents, was struck with typhus fever. It was at this time that Joseph developed a leg infection and underwent a most painful operation. After these experiences, she wrote:

Having passed through about a year of sickness and distress, health again returned to our family, and we most assuredly realized the blessing; and indeed, we felt to acknowledge the hand of God, more in preserving our lives through such a tremendous scene of affliction, than if we had, during this time, seen nothing but health and prosperity (*History of Joseph Smith By His Mother, Lucy Mack Smith*, page 58).

Early in her married life, when seriously ill, she had promised the Lord if he would restore her to health, she would devote the remainder of her life to him and her family, and this she did consistently. She had great faith in the power of the Priesthood and was always ready to sustain her husband and sons in their respective Church assignments. On many occasions when the men of the household were absent, she adroitly handled intruding enemies to prevent their obtaining The Book of Mormon manuscript.

Mother Smith was an effective missionary, not only by means of her good life, but in actually expounding the principles of the gospel. She spoke frequently in the

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Nauvoo Relief Society meetings, and seized every opportunity, when traveling, to engage a "Gentile" in conversation. Her years of experience were invaluable to the younger mothers of the Church, and they looked to her for wise counsel and sound judgment.

Her capacity to love was unlimited. Not only did she shower her own children and husband with affection, but she extended the same devotion to those who married into her family; she welcomed the Phophet's wife, Emma, from the time he first brought her to the Smith home as a bride. There was always a strong affinity between them.

Not every mother is called upon to be the mother of a prophet, but the challenge of establishing a righteous home life, one that will carefully develop those traits of character so well developed in the Prophet, is an incentive to Relief Society members everywhere. Every child, if properly nurtured in the home, will be better equipped to respond to calls of leadership which may come to him—whether in the Church, the community, or the nation.

Supplementary References

1. "Solomon Mack and His Family"—series by Archibald F. Bennett commencing in the September 1955 *Improvement Era*. (Background reading for teacher.)
2. "Testimony Through Reading The Book of Mormon"—Mathew Cowley, *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1953, page 6.
3. "Spiritualizing Our Homes"—Velma N. Simonsen, *Relief Society Magazine*, April 1953, page 238.
4. "Mother's Influence"—Edith Price Backman, *Relief Society Magazine*, May 1954, page 284.

Questions for Discussion

1. What characteristics made the Smith household a superior one?

2. How was the Prophet's family prepared for his mission?

3. Cite instances which illustrate the family's interest in Joseph's message. Why was this important?

4. Give examples of the Prophet's dependence on his parents? Of his desire to share his experiences with them?

5. How did Lucy Mack Smith influence the Prophet's teachings to Latter-day Saint women? How were his teachings affected by his early home life?

My Prayer

Irene E. Jones

Dear Lord, to thee I raise my prayer,
That I may always kindness share,
And fill with love another's need:
Dear Lord, this is my humble creed.

Oh, give me daily of thy grace,
To lighten every darkened place
Where shadows dwell and fears abide;
Be ever present at my side.

Lord, whomsoever I chance to meet,
Who doubting knows and fears defeat,
May I have strength to strengthen him,
To dry the tears his eyes bedim.

Oh, give me of thy wisdom, Lord,
That I may teach in sweet accord,
And with thy everlasting plan,
Lift nearer thee, each stricken man.

In all I do, may I fulfill
Thy holy mission, and instill
In all who mourn, a part of me
That comes, O Lord, direct from thee.

Oh, give me faith and gratitude;
Give unto me an attitude
Like unto thine when thou didst teach;
May I serve thee while serving each.

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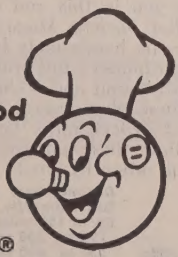

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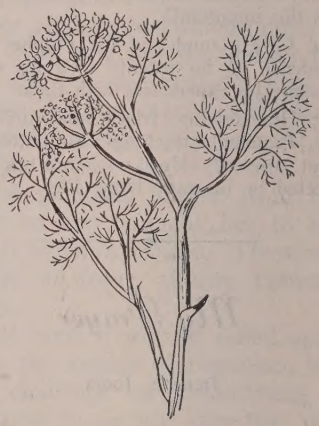
Fennel (Foeniculum Dulce)

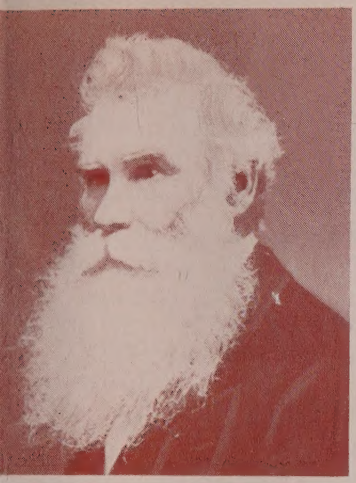
Elizabeth Williamson



SWEET fennel is an annual herb, not usually included in the kitchen herb gardens, but once started it becomes an old standby, often seeding itself. Fennel needs a sunny exposure and will grow tall (two to four feet high) and feathery. It makes a pretty background in the garden.

Originally fennel came from the Mediterranean area. The Romans used it as a vegetable. They also dried the leaves and extracted the juice from the stalks. The juice was used for eye medicine and for stomach disorders. Fennel is still commonly used in Italian cookery. The early English used the extract in drinks supposed to make obese people lose weight and become thin.

The most common American use of fennel is for a sauce to be used with boiled fish. It provides a sharp and unusual flavor. If you have never tried this herb, you will experience a new thrill in herb cookery. It is also good with white beans, salads, soups, and sauces. The dried seeds are used in seasoning pickles, cake, and cookies. The stalks are good for eating raw.



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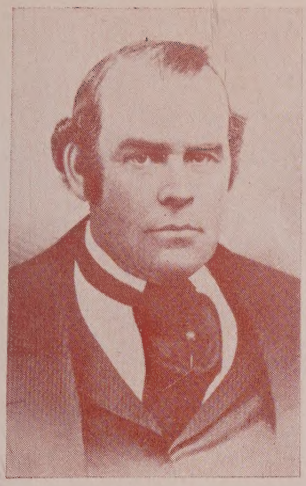

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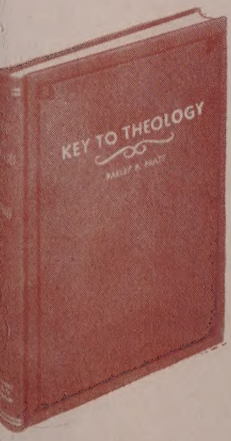

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